

DECEMBER 4, 1880

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 575.—Vol. XXII.

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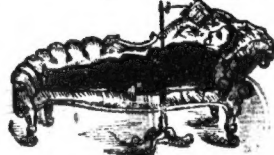
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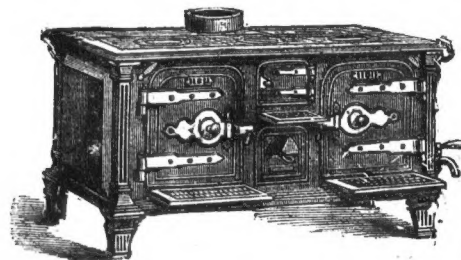
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—From a Paper by SYDNEY RINGER, M.D., and WILLIAM MURRELL, M.D., M.R.C.P., in the *Lancet*, March 6, 1880.

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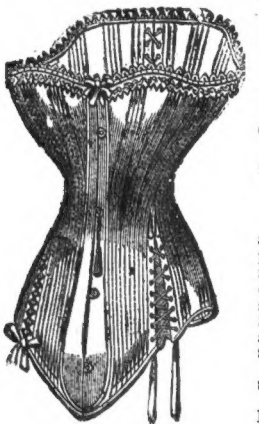
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THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 575.—VOL. XXII.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1880

PRICE SIXPENCE
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THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND—THE CAMP AT LOUGH MASK



SCENE FROM SIGNOR TITO MATTEI'S NEW OPERA, "MARIA DI GAND," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE

Riccardo Orley—"And thou, what would'st thou, villainous bandit?"
Duke of Alva—"Whom? Whom?"

Riccardo—"Thou! Thou! Ferocious and infamous is this edict,
Thus I break it!"—ACT III, SCENE IV.

Topics of the Week

THE REVIVAL OF THE TORIES.—The tone of the speeches at the banquet of the Conservative Association at Woodstock the other evening was a good deal more vigorous than anything we have lately heard from Conservative leaders. Lord Salisbury seemed to have regained confidence in the future of his party, and criticised the proceedings of the Government with the energy of a man who is conscious that he may again be called to high office. For a time the Tory party seemed to be almost stunned by the magnitude of their defeat at the General Election. It was so utterly unexpected that it had a far more paralysing influence than a political defeat generally exerts. Now, however, the leaders of the party have had time to recover, and there are many signs that in the approaching Session it will not be left to a few Free-lances to uphold the Conservative cause. From the point of view of our political system it may be well that the two great rival factions in Parliament should boldly confront each other; but there must be a good many people outside of political cliques who do not look forward with much pleasure to the endless discussions with which they are about to be entertained. After all, this Irish difficulty is far too serious a matter to be made a mere subject of partisan disputes. It is of vital importance to the Empire that it should be equitably and permanently settled. Surely if our prominent public men were to concentrate their attention solely on the national welfare, some remedy to which all might agree would not be past hope. Lord Beaconsfield and Sir Stafford Northcote would confer an inestimable benefit on the country if they could induce their followers to give a fair and unbiassed consideration to any scheme which may be submitted to them by the Government.

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.—Charles Lamb is said to have excused himself for coming very late to the office in the morning upon the plea that he went away very early in the afternoon. It is just the reverse with our modern legislators. Not only are they kept very late in the afternoon, that is, till the middle of September; but they are expected to reassemble very early in the morning, that is, in the first week of January. Sanguine persons may expect that an abundant crop of legislation will be the result of such protracted labours. Previous experience, however, scarcely warrants this conclusion. More time means more opportunities of talking, and if these opportunities are freely indulged, a Session of eight months is no better for law-making purposes than a Session of six months. Added to this, there is little chance, with Irish business looming so large, of much other legislative work being accomplished. One of those specious half-truths, which are bandied about till people accept them as if they were mathematical axioms, tells us that the Irish prosper everywhere except in Ireland. This is only partially true. There are plenty of industrious Irishmen who do thrive in their native land; while, on the other hand, the genuine Irish (not the Anglo or Scoto-Irish) in America, where they number several millions, rarely rise, in comparison with the members of other nationalities, to positions of confidence and wealth. One reason, however, why the Irish do better abroad than at home, is that they find themselves a minority in a great community, and that—whether they like them or not—they have to accept the laws and institutions which that community has framed for its own guidance. During many years past Ireland has suffered from over- rather than from under-legislation, and as peace and security are the most urgent needs of the country at the present time, Parliament would probably act most wisely if it were to decide to make no changes in the laws till order at least was thoroughly restored. Of such wisdom as this, with the present Ministry in power, there is but little chance, and, therefore, we may expect a Session of infinite talk concerning the legislative remedies applicable to Ireland. A good deal will depend on the attitude adopted by the followers of Mr. Parnell. If they frankly adopt the proposals made by the Government, they may maintain the powerful partisan stronghold which they have held for several past Sessions; whereas, if they display the old obstructive tactics, the public, which is every day getting more heartily sick of Irish agitators and their ways, may insist upon the House of Commons, Tory, Whig, and Radical alike, making short work of such a faction of irreconcilables.

MR. GOSCHEN'S RETURN.—Whether or not Mr. Goschen is about to say farewell to Constantinople, the fact that he is returning to England vividly recalls the glowing anticipations with which he went away. Nobody then supposed that England would content herself with the surrender of Dulcigno to Montenegro. Mr. Goschen was despatched on a special mission of the first order, and the supporters of Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy were sanguine that the Greek frontier would be rectified, and that a general system of reform would speedily be established throughout the Ottoman Empire. As a matter of fact, the Porte has as yet been induced to do nothing except abandon a miserable village to a people who might have retained possession of it during the Russo-Turkish War by right of conquest. And even to bring about this result it has been necessary to excite all

Europe, and to maintain for weeks in the Adriatic one of the mightiest fleets the world has ever seen. It is very plucky of Lord Granville, in spite of these facts, to stand up for the foreign policy of the Government, and to maintain that it has been splendidly successful. Mr. Goschen is likely to come home with a much more humble estimate of the achievements of the Cabinet. The truth seems to be that Mr. Gladstone had not formed anything like an accurate notion of the power of resistance which still survives in Turkey. Nor, apparently, did he realise how opposed France and the Central European Powers would be to any proposals that might seem likely to cause international difficulty. He is now better informed about these matters; and the chances are that, whoever may be our future representative in Constantinople, more respect will henceforth be shown to the notorious facts of the Eastern Question than has been displayed hitherto.

THE PANAMA CANAL SCHEME.—Engineering science has gradually attained such perfection that, without doubt, if it was once decided that a canal ought to be cut through the narrow neck of land which separates the Atlantic from the Pacific Oceans, no physical obstacles would be found insurmountable. The real difficulties are partly political, partly commercial. The people of the United States have been inclined to regard the scheme with something of the same jealousy and suspicion with which the people of England, under the (in this case mischievous) guidance of Lord Palmerston, viewed the Suez Canal project. That audacious Monroe Doctrine has once more been trotted out—a doctrine which purports to assume that the New World belongs to the people of America, and that Europe has no right to interfere in its destinies. Still more formidable, however, is the commercial difficulty. Intending investors naturally ask if the Panama Canal is likely to pay; nor does the example of the Suez Canal clear up the difficulty, because the circumstances of the two localities are very different. M. de Lesseps, however, who has recently returned from the United States, is sanguine that both of these obstacles are practically overcome. He has convinced the Americans, so he informs us, that the sacred Monroe Doctrine is not infringed by the Canal scheme; and he delighted the patriotic Chicagoans by telling them that a city which, within his own recollection, had risen from nothing to a population of 400,000, had no right to use the word "impossible." As England is, under any circumstances, "out of it," many of us will heartily wish that to the genial and energetic Frenchman may be accorded the exceeding honour and delight, before his life's labours terminate, of cutting through the second great isthmus of the world.

THE FRENCH SENATE AND FOREIGN POLICY.—Nothing was more remarkable, in the discussion of foreign policy by the French Senate, than the pacific tone of the speakers. The opponents of the Government attacked it—not for having been too quiet, but for having been too adventurous. France, they urged, should have held aloof altogether from European complications. The Government, on the other hand, anxiously insisted that in reality it had exposed the country to no risk. It had been stipulated that not a shot should be fired by the French vessels which took part in the Naval Demonstration; and as to any proceedings in favour of Greece, the Minister for Foreign Affairs explained that that subject "belonged to the regions of hypothesis." In a word, all French politicians who venture to give open expression to their opinions seem to be convinced that the duty of France at present is to be as inactive as possible in matters relating to foreign policy. It is not generally desired, perhaps, that she should ostentatiously abstain from any enterprise which has the sanction of Europe; but the majority of the nation do most sincerely wish that it may not be necessary to adopt a vigorous and independent course. It would be a mistake to set this down to mere timidity, caused by the disasters of the Franco-German war. If France were forced to defend her honour or her interests, she would probably do so with as much courage as at any previous period. What she sees is that there are innumerable elements of disturbance scattered over Europe; and she wisely resolves that she, at least, will not be responsible for urging them into activity.

TELEGRAPHS AND TELEPHONES.—A law-case of great public interest is now being heard in the Court of Exchequer. In 1869 the Government, on behalf of the nation, bought up the rights of the existing telegraph companies at the price of 10,000,000*l.* Since then the Edison Telephone Company has come into existence, and the Government now contend that the carrying on of such an undertaking is an infringement of their bargain. The Edison Company, on the other hand, maintain that the telephone is an entirely new invention, and that such a mode of transmitting messages was not contemplated when the Government bought up the telegraphs eleven years ago. This is just one of those delicate matters of legislation—there being so much to be said on both sides—in which the souls of lawyers delight, the more especially as the plaintiff in the case is a gentleman with a very broad back, being no other than Mr. John Bull himself. Then, for the additional entertainment of the novelty-loving public, the dry legal subtleties of the opposing counsel are relieved by the display of a quantity of telephonic apparatus, and both actors and audience have been edified by hearing a peal of laughter, "bottled" by means of a phonograph in America, let off in a British Court of Justice. In these inventive days, it appears rather perilous to purchase

anything with the belief that a perpetual monopoly has thereby been acquired. This argument may be used against the often-advocated buying-up of the railways by the nation, because, a few years after the purchase, somebody may invent a practicable flying-machine, with the result of making our railway tracks grass-grown and deserted.

JOSEPH II.—The people of Austria have been celebrating this week the hundredth anniversary of the day on which the Emperor Joseph II. succeeded to the sole government of the Austrian monarchy. A very impressive and attractive historical figure he is; for it may be questioned whether any European sovereign was ever dominated by a stronger or more sincere desire for the welfare of his subjects. He is usually described as having failed in all the leading objects of his life; and it must be admitted that he advanced much too rapidly on his course, and that when he died there was a sad contrast between his intentions and his achievements. Still, it is eternally to his honour that he abolished serfdom, and gave equal rights to all creeds; and, for the rest, he created a magnificent tradition from which the populations of Austria still derive advantage. It is true that in one respect his method was mistaken. He tried to abolish by an edict distinctions which seemed to him of no importance, but which in reality had their roots deep in history. He thus brought his sovereignty to the verge of ruin; and it was saved because his commonplace brother who succeeded him understood that it was necessary to proceed with more caution. The Emperor Joseph, however, impressed the best class of his subjects with the conviction that the whole system of government and of society in Austria needed to be reorganised; and this conviction they never wholly lost, even amid the excitement of the Revolutionary Wars, and during the sternly reactionary *regime* of Prince Metternich.

RUPEES.—In former years, when the natives of India were more given to hoarding than they are at present, and when the silver-production of the world was very limited in quantity, the value of the rupee, the Indian standard of monetary transactions, was usually maintained somewhat above the par of two shillings. As the salaries of Anglo-Indian officials were payable in rupees, they benefited accordingly. But now, for a good many years past, the tendency has been all in the other direction. A succession of famines has restricted the hoarding propensities of the Indian peasantry, a quantity of silver has been liberated by the adoption of a gold standard in Germany, but, more than all, the silver market has been swamped by the overwhelming supplies of the American mines in Nevada. The result is that the rupee has steadily diminished in value, till at the present time it is only worth 1*s.* 7*d.* in English money. This bears very heavily, and in two ways, on the Anglo-Indian officials. The climate of India being such that it is frequently advisable for adults, and absolutely necessary for children, to proceed to England, the Anglo-Indian finds that he has to disburse a good deal of money in England. For the rupees which he thus expends, where he formerly got two shillings or more, he now only gets one shilling and sevenpence. But, besides this, the fall in the value of the rupee necessarily makes all "Europe" goods imported into India dearer than they used to be, since the merchant must recoup himself for the unfavourable rate of exchange, and, as a good deal of the Anglo-Indian's expenditure is for "Europe" goods—such as millinery, tailors' products, beer, wine, &c.—he finds himself equally mulcted, whether he sends money home or spends it in India. To lose twenty per cent. of one's nominal income is a very serious grievance, but, as the only effectual remedy would be to increase Indian taxation, it is probable that the grievance will remain unredressed until the pendulum of exchange oscillates in the opposite direction.

500,000

COPIES WERE PAID FOR BY THE TRADE ON
TUESDAY LAST OF THE

GRAPHIC XMAS NUMBER.

Such an enormous demand was never known before in the annals of newspaper publishing.

Only 400,000 copies were printed, and, as the printing of the above quantity has employed 450 people for more than the past six months, consuming 120 tons of paper, it is quite impossible to supply the surplus 100,000 copies, the money for which, paid for by the trade, is now being returned.

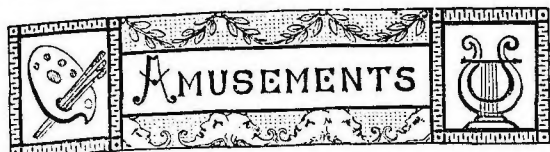
In order that the Public, however, may not be disappointed in the possession of the popular Picture, "CHERRY RIPE," by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., which is the chief feature of the Number, strenuous efforts have been made for a

RE-ISSUE

Only of the Plate, and NOT OF ANY OTHER PORTION OF THE NUMBER, and 50,000 of these will be ready a few days before Christmas.

The Picture is being printed from entirely New Plates, and it is hoped will be equal to, if not surpass, those now on sale.

THE PRICE FOR THE PICTURE WILL BE
ONE SHILLING.



LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—
THE CORSIAN BROTHERS Every Night at 8.30. Louis and Fabien dei
Franchi, Mr. Irving. At 7.30 BYGONES, by A. W. Pinero. Doors open at 7. Special
Morning Performances of THE CORSIAN BROTHERS, Saturday, Dec. 4, and
Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2.30. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open to 5. Seats booked by
letter or telegram.

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SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

MONDAY, Dec. 6, 2 o'clock. Admission, 5s.
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, at 9 o'clock.
Admission, 1s.

AGRICULTURAL HALL CO. S. SIDNEY, Secretary.
(Limited).
Barford Street, Islington.

BERLIOZ'S FAUST.—Repetition on Saturday Evening Next,
Dec. 11th.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.
THE TURQUOISE RING, Mr. Corney Grain's New Musical Sketch, THE
HAUNTED ROOM, and A FLYING VISIT. Evening Performances, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8. Thursday and Saturday Afternoons at 3.
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Admission 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s., 5s.
Close after Saturday, Dec. 18. Re-open Boxing Day at 3 and 8, with an entirely New
Holiday Programme.

MASKELYNE AND COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL.—
EVERY EVENING at 8. Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3 and 8. Mr. Maske-
lyne's New Illusory Sketch, entitled THE TEMPTATIONS OF GOOD ST.
ANTHONY, including Cleopatra's Needle, is the most decided success ever achieved.
Admission from 1s. to 25s.

CATTLE SHOW WEEK.
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

THE MOST BRILLIANT AND ATTRACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT
Given in London
DURING THE COMING WEEK
is that of the world-famed

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS,
The acknowledged supreme head of
EVERY MINSTREL COMPANY IN ENGLAND OR AMERICA.

Now comprising no less than
FORTY ARTISTS OF EMINENCE.
SPECIAL AND ILLUMINATED
DAY PERFORMANCES
Will be given during the Cattle Show Week on
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at 3 o'clock,
In addition to the regular performances
EVERY NIGHT at 8.

Omnibuses run direct from the Angel at Islington (two minutes' walk from the
Agricultural Hall), direct to the doors of St. James's Hall.

EVANS'S MUSIC AND SUPPER ROOMS will be Re-opened
Cattle Show Week with an entirely New Entertainment. Musical Director:
HERR JONGHMANS. Proprietor: J. B. AMOR.

EVANS'S.—CATTLE SHOW WEEK.—"Astarte," the beau-
tiful Nymph of the Air, Harriet Vernon, Sisters Leamar Charles Coburn, Mons.
Kaouly, Messrs. Pierce and Monaghan, Herr Jonghmans, and Choir now rehearsing.

THE "GRAPHIC" SCHOOL OF ENGRAVING ON
WOOD.—Some years ago a belief prevailed that before long wood-engraving
would be superseded by various less costly processes. This belief, without doubt,
deterred persons from embarking in a profession which they feared might before long
prove unremunerative. Experience has shown that these fears were baseless. Wood-
engraving holds, and is likely to continue to hold, its own against all competitors. But,
meanwhile, there is a great scarcity at the present time of good engravers; and unless a
practical effort is made to attract clever students into the profession, the most artistic
work will fall into the hands of foreigners. For some time past the Proprietors of
The Graphic have experienced an increasing difficulty in obtaining the assistance
of high-class engravers, and they have therefore determined to form a School of
Engraving, in which the students will be instructed for a term of five years. No
premium will be required; but the candidates will be selected according to the merits
of their drawings submitted, and after selection they will still have a fortnight's trial
before being definitively accepted. After the first year, the students will be paid a sum
(according to progress made) varying from £13 in the second, to £75 in the fifth year.
The hours of attendance will be from 9 A.M. until 6 P.M., with an hour allowed for
dinner; but students regularly attending evening classes at the Government Schools of
Design will be allowed to leave at 5 P.M. Intending candidates must send in specimens
of their drawings, stating whether they are original or copies, also age of candidate,
addressed "To the Manager of The Graphic, 190, Strand, W.C.," and marked
Drawings for Competition.

SAVOY HOUSE.—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS by the
GREAT MASTERS. Also Specimens of Reproductions in Chromolithography
and Colour Printing, from the Paintings of the English, French, German, and Con-
tinental Schools. Catalogues post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery,
Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of
Divine dignity."—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION" with "CHRIST
LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and
all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily
10 to 6. One Shilling.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—WINTER EXHIBI-
TION NOW OPEN, from Ten to Five Daily, at the SUFFOLK STREET GALLERIES,
Pall Mall East. Admission One Shilling. THOS. ROBERTS, Secretary.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—
The FIFTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES
will OPEN on MONDAY NEXT, December 6.
Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, S.W. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

**THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of WATER-
COLOUR DRAWINGS** is now OPEN at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY,
7, Haymarket, next the Theatre. Admission on presentation of Address Card.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—The Twenty-eighth
ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES by British and Foreign Artists is
NOW OPEN, including Luminai's celebrated picture, "Les Enervés de Jumièges."
Admission One Shilling, from 8.30 to 5.30.

**THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of HIGH-CLASS
PICTURES by BRITISH AND FOREIGN ARTISTS** is NOW OPEN at
ARTHUR TOOTH and SON'S GALLERY, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's
Theatre). Admission One Shilling, including Catalogue.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD ART SCHOOLS,
7, ELM TREE ROAD, N.W.
Drawing from the Life and Antique Painting from Model and Still Life.
Students specially prepared for Royal Academy.
(Two successful at last competition.)
Apply to A. A. CALDERON, Esq., Principal.

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Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days.
Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets,
Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.
Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton,
Every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge.
Admission to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
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From Victoria at 10.45 a.m., and London Bridge at 10.35 a.m.
Fullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton
Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations
On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.
A Special Train for Horses, Carriages, and Servants,
From Victoria to Brighton, at 10.55 a.m. every Weekday.

GRAND AQUARIUM AND PAVILION.
Military and other Concerts every Saturday Afternoon.
For which the above Saturday Cheap Tickets are available.

NEW ROUTE TO WEST BRIGHTON.
By the Direct Line Preston Park to Cliftonville.
A Morning Up and Evening Down Fast Train
Every Weekday between London Bridge and West Brighton

PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE.
Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
Cheap Express Service every Week night, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class.
From Victoria 7.30 a.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m.
Fares—Single, 38s., 24s., 17s.; Return, 55s., 30s., 30s.
Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent cabins, &c.
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.
SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are
issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.
HAVRE.—Passengers booked through by this route every Week-day from Victoria
and London Bridge as above.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's
West End General Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and No 8, Grand Hotel
Buildings, Trafalgar Square; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

NOTICE.—Next week we shall publish the FIRST of
THREE EXTRA ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENTS devoted to
CAIRO AND THE NILE, with an ACCOUNT of a TRIP to
the SECOND CATARACT.



THE AGITATION IN IRELAND

THE trial at Bar of the fourteen leaders of the Land League is now definitely fixed to commence on the 28th inst. It will take place in the Dublin Queen's Bench Division before a special jury, which will be struck on the old system, which, as *The Times* explains, is rather more favourable to the traversers than to the Crown. Meanwhile a writ of attachment has been granted in the Queen's Bench Division against the proprietors of the *Dublin Evening Mail* for publishing articles and letters calculated to prejudice the fair trial of the case, the defence being that the extracts complained of were fair and justifiable comments. During the hearing of this application the defending counsel offered that not another article should appear on the subject in the *Mail* until the end of the trial if the Land League would undertake that the agitation should cease until then, to which the prosecuting counsel replied that, "not being a downright lunatic," he would not assent.—The Boycott Expedition has come to a peaceful end. On Friday (Nov. 26) the relief labourers and their protectors left Lough Mask, after indulging in much congratulatory cheering, hand-shaking, and triumphant singing. Captain Boycott read to them a formal address of thanks, but was so worked upon by the fervour of their behaviour that he subsequently went among them and shook hands with everybody, thanking each heartily, and being vociferously cheered in response. The march to Ballinrobe was uneventful, the people taking no notice of the long cavalcade as it wended its way along, and at daybreak on Saturday, before the townsfolk were up, the procession was well on its way to Claremorris, whence the labourers were taken by train to their homes, and the soldiers and constabulary returned to Dublin. Only two incidents occurred on the road, the one being the falling of a horse and its rider into a deep and muddy ditch, from which the animal was with difficulty rescued; and the other the advent of Captain Boycott and his family, who, having driven direct from Lough Mask, attended by a military escort, overtook and passed the procession before it reached Claremorris, and was cheered by the labourers and soldiers as he passed through their ranks. *The Times* says that it is proposed to present each man with a silver medal commemorative of the expedition. Several Land League meetings have been held during the week, but the excitement appears to be on the wane. In Inniscarra on Sunday an attempt was made to remove the Government reporter from the platform, and the parish priest who presided subsequently left the chair, amid much groaning and hooting, after vainly protesting against such exclamations as "Shoot the Landlords." Another meeting held at Ballycastle on Tuesday is said to have been a dead failure; not more than 300 persons assembled, and they hissed and groaned at the orators. A number of fresh outrages are reported. In the county of Kerry a man in possession of a house from which a farmer had been evicted, has been visited by a gang of ruffians in disguise, who slit both his ears, and made him swear loyalty to the tenant cause. At other places horses, ducks, and other animals have been maimed or killed, ricks of hay have been burnt, and more than one attempt at assassination has been made. Amongst those who have this week received threatening letters are Sir E. D. Borrowes, and the proprietor of the Hammam Hotel, Dublin, where Captain Boycott was staying until Wednesday last, when, although he was to have been entertained that evening at a banquet given by the promoters of the Expedition, he suddenly left for England, having on the previous day been hooted and annoyed by a street mob. Father O'Malley of Ballinrobe, has received a notice threatening him with instant death in the event of Captain Boycott being shot. The Waterford correspondent of the *Evening Mail* says that arms and ammunition are being sold there, and that "there is no doubt whatever that the whole county is armed to the teeth."

Our sketches may be briefly described. That of "The Camp at Lough Mask" was taken after the frost set in, and the spirits of the soldiers, which had been greatly depressed during the rainy weather, had somewhat revived. On page 556 we have the Captain's quarters, an apartment in the Cavalry Barracks, Ballinrobe, a building which was formerly an old turretted mansion, and which still presents many quaint nooks and corners; "A Nice Day's Work," according to the order of the day, "Fall in at 5 A.M., march five Irish miles, and drive cattle back over same ground, and five miles beyond." Captain Boycott's cattle had to be taken to the Government Farmery at Ballinrobe to be re-shod when the frost set in. The other sketches on this page, and those on pages 560, 572, and 573, need no comment.

"MARIA DI GAND"

SIGNOR TITO MATTEI's opera, bearing the above title, was produced on Thursday, the 25th ult., at Her Majesty's Theatre. The scene of the piece is laid at Brussels during Alva's reign of terror. In Act III. the Duke of Alva himself appears on the stage, and in a recitative declares that the Flemings must bow down to the absolute rule of Philip, and that heretics must die. Against this cruel decree the Flemish blood of Count George of Ghent rises up in anger, and boldly defies the tyrant. When his arrest is ordered, Richard Orley, one of the patriotic leaders, suddenly appears, and rushes on the Duke; but before he can reach him he is seized by the Spanish soldiers. This is the scene depicted in our engraving.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

THE remains of the late Sir Alexander James Edmund Cockburn, Bart., Lord Chief Justice of England, were interred in the family vault at Kensal Green Cemetery on Friday, last week. The procession from Hertford Street consisted of a plain hearse (bearing the oaken coffin, upon the lid of which was placed many floral wreaths and crosses), followed by three mourning coaches and a large number of private carriages, among which were those of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and Lady Hamilton. Most of the Law Courts at Westminster were closed; and amongst the mourners, besides the immediate relatives of the deceased, were the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, the Lords Justices of Appeal, the Judges of the Queen's Bench, a Deputation from the Incorporated Law Society, and many Serjeants, Queen's Counsel, Barristers, and Solicitors.

The Service was read by the Rev. H. C. Johnston, Chaplain of the Cemetery, and, though heavy rain had fallen during the morning, a large crowd assembled to witness the ceremony at the grave, which was performed during a transient gleam of sunshine.—Our sketch represents the scene in the Cemetery Chapel at the close of the first portion of the Service.

"LANCING" BY MOONLIGHT, KENNICK SANDS, CORNWALL

"THOSE who have visited the Lizard and Cadgwith," says Mr. R. H. Carter of Truro, to whom we are indebted for our sketch,

"are probably acquainted with the lovely Rectory of St. Ruan Minor, nestling in the trees at the head of the picturesque valley, and also with the learned and artistic Rector and his charming family. To them we are indebted for this Lancing incident. On a moonlight night during last August we start for our walk or drive of about two miles from the Rectory, for Kennick, and on its broad sands we find several carriages already arrived with many fair fishers, and after some preliminary chat we go to work, the men in their 'tennis' flannels, the ladies in 'jerseys' and short petticoats. Like molten silver, dashes a phosphorescent wave on the bright moonlit strand, and out we all rush after it, and plunge our lance hooks in the wet sands, fetching out the lively little fish, who try all their might to regain the wave, but a crowd of shouting fishers plunge knee-deep after them, and fling them on the dry sand, where they are captured by the less adventurous members of the party who do not care to get a thorough soaking. Our thoughtful host and hostess, however, had yet another treat in store for us as amateur fishers. A seine boat from Cadgwith had come round to Kennick to have a haul for bigger 'game,' and it was delightful fun to see 'all hands' at the seine ropes—such tender and beautiful hands were many—with a 'Heave ho! yo ho!' We had two hauls, and a fair catch of skate, turbot, ray, conger, and small fry, and in our youthful strength we at last broke the rope, and the seine went adrift, and we gave the fishermen a precious task to pick it up again. Many of us were glad of an excuse to sneak off to the big fire under the cliff, where a cup of hot tea or coffee was most welcome, particularly to those of us who had had a two or three hours' moonlight bath.

"Among our party might be seen politician and warrior who had witnessed many fights in Parliament and with Chinese 'pigtails' long before some of us could lisp our names, but who nevertheless enjoyed the novel scene equally with the youngest and brightest fisher on the silver sands."

"THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET"

A NEW STORY, by Messrs. Rice and Besant, illustrated by Mr. Charles Green, is commenced on page 561.

MENTONE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD

MENTONE, one of the most favourite of Mediterranean winter resorts, is situated round a large bay, which is divided into two smaller bays by a hill 130 feet high, on which the old town is built. The streets of the old town are narrow, dirty, and steep. The new town stretches out a good way along the beach, while the public promenade bends round the West Bay from the town to Cape St. Martin. Immediately behind rise great mountains, with dark grey limestone cliffs, intermingled with deep green olive trees, and stiff straggling pines.

We will now proceed to describe our engravings: 1, a glimpse of the old town, with its picturesque church towers, through the twisted trunks and feathery foliage of the olive gardens at Garavan, which is the eastern bay at Mentone. 2, The chapel of St. Louis is on Italian territory, and the Custom House officers of that kingdom are generally to be seen reposing under its little portico. The spot is also a favourite resort for washerwomen. 3, The old town of Mentone is a good example of the ancient towns of the Riviera. The architectural peculiarity consists in the frequent use of arches thrown across the street to support the houses. Sometimes these arches are nearly continuous, and the streets almost tunnels. 4, The Valley of St. Louis is an extraordinary chasm in the rocks. Along the bridge which crosses the ravine runs the Corniche Road, and beyond is the sea and the port of Mentone. 5, This tower forms a most picturesque object, standing, as it does, on the edge of a precipice of conglomerate rock which looks like masonry. 6, In the village of Ciotti, beside the stream, are several olive-mills, in which, during the winter, may be seen the process of expressing the oil. 7, This view is taken from the Pont St. Louis, and shows the deep narrow chasm called the Vallone di San Luigi. 8, Roccabrunna is a town three miles west of Mentone, and is named from a mass of brown conglomerate rock which stands in the midst of the town, and on which the ruined castle is perched.

FOREST LIFE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

CONCERNING these sketches our artist writes as follows:—"December—Soft Snow: Misery."—From November till the end of January the snow (generally three or four feet deep) is quite soft and unpacked, and walking in it is worse than the treadmill. In February the snow packs, and is tolerably good walking.

"March—On the Crust: Pleasure."—In March and April the hot sun in the daytime and the sharp frosts at night make a crust on the snow two or three inches thick. With (and often without) snowshoes this is really pleasant walking. It is also the best time for ptarmigan shooting, and those who shoot for the pot, and not for sport, can often bag six or eight at a shot.

"40° below Zero. Is My Nose Frozen?"—Last winter was a "snorter," and I expect I shall hear many a yarn of frozen noses when I return. A most uncomfortable thing is a frozen nose, and a horrid job the thawing it out. For the time being one feels all nose, and can think of little else.

"Not If He Knows It!"—A fox is the wariest of animals to trap. I have known them put their paw under the trap and turn it over so as to get at the bait underneath. Black foxes are very scarce and rare, and are more often poisoned than trapped.

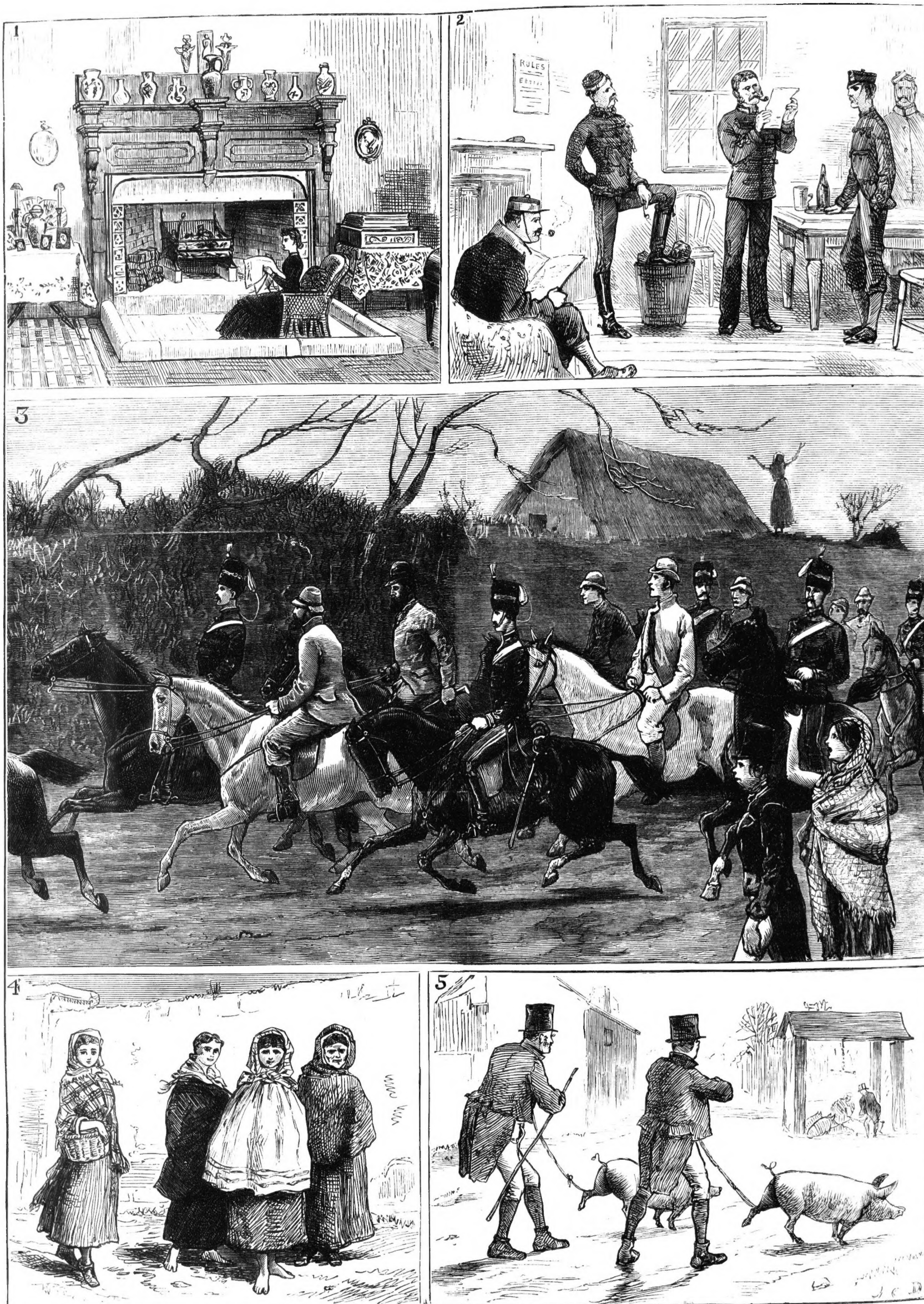
"Ten Minutes for Refreshment."—Travelling with horses on November is cold, dreary work, and the days being so short one has very little time to spare for midday refreshment. A cup of strong tea and a bite of pemmican or dried fish, and off again.

"40° below Zero, and He's Lost the Matches."—This is a nice fix to get into twenty or thirty miles from home, when you are very hungry, and awfully cold. A "green hand" invariably makes these blunders, and loses his knife, pipe, or matches, or goes off without his axe, or takes tea and sugar and forgets the kettle. "Experience" does it," as some one says.

"There Goes My Dinner."—When the trees are heavily loaded with snow one has to be careful not to make a fire quite underneath them, or the heat will loosen the snow from the branches, and down it will come, as depicted in the sketch. I was caught this way last winter, and nearly smothered.

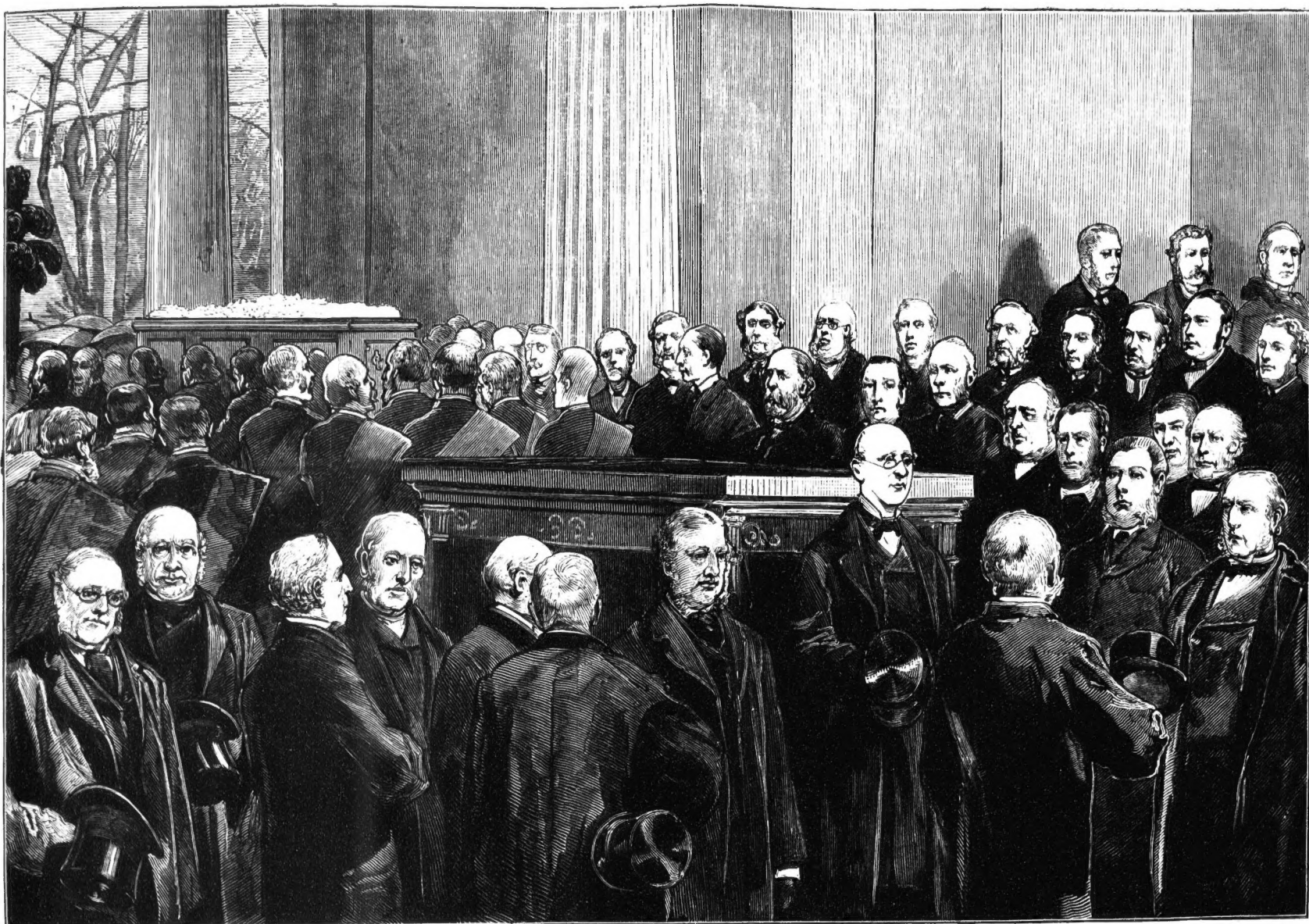
MR. EDISON IN HIS LABORATORY

WE have already (No. 518, Nov. 1, 1879,) given a portrait and biography of this well-known American electrician and inventor, and now show him at work in his laboratory. Here, after revolutionising telegraphy by the invention of his quadruplex system and by his more recent telephone, and astonishing the world with the phonograph and the electric pen, he is now striving to perfect a portable electric lamp suitable for domestic purposes. In a former number (529, Jan. 17, 1880,) we illustrated the small lamp which is the object of Mr. Edison's present labours, and which in our illustration may be seen in his hands, a simple globe of glass from which the air has been extracted, and which contains a horseshoe arc of carbon. This being placed in connection with the machine furnishing the electrical current is rendered incandescent, and sheds forth a light of sixteen candles. In the engraving may be seen several forms of the lamp, one of which is suspended in the laboratory. In fact, Menlo Park, where Mr. Edison's laboratory and workshops are situated, is as a rule brilliant with various electric illuminators. Menlo Park is a little station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, some twenty-four miles from New York, and Mr. Edison has established himself there for nearly five years, having removed



1. The Captain's Quarters.—2. Military Life: A Nice Day's Work.—3. Captain Boycott's Horses going to Ballinrobe to be Shod.—4. A Sketch in the Market Place.—5. Going to Market: "Ga'an wid ye—ye're as stubborn as Boycott."

THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND—SKETCHES AT BALLINROBE



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN AT KENSAL GREEN—IN THE CEMETERY CHAPEL



"LANCING" BY MOONLIGHT, KENICK SANDS

from his old quarters at Newark in order to avoid the crowds of visitors who hindered him in his work. The village contains a population of some 200 persons, nearly all of whom are Mr. Edison's workmen and their families. With these work is a labour of love, and the whole *personnel* of the establishment is aptly described by a recent correspondent of *The Times* as having a sleepy look, as though, like their master, they got neither regular meals nor sleep. It appears to be the ordinary system there as with the alchemists of old to do most of the work at night, and it seems the regular habit of Mr. Edison and his chief subordinates, to work straight through the twenty-four hours without stopping until tired Nature compels them to drop down in any handy place and go to sleep. As for Mr. Edison himself he is described as the "grimiest and most woe-begone of the whole party of overworked alchemists." The workshop and laboratory are replete with all the newest appliances and labour-saving machines, and contain a complete collection of all known chemical agents, so that nothing may be wanting for any possible experiment. It is strange to compare this establishment of the "Wizard of Menlo Park" with his first laboratory—a newspaper boy's den in a train on the Grand Trunk Railway—where his primary labours were temporarily suspended by the ignition of some phosphorus, which nearly set the train in flames.

BANQUET TO GENERAL SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS

Few achievements of modern warfare have surpassed General Roberts' recent march from Cabul to Candahar, with a force of 10,000 men, a distance of 318 miles, in twenty-three days, through a country intensely hostile, and excited by Ayoub Khan's victory over the British at Maiwand. Nor when he arrived at Candahar did he halt, save for a few hours to rest his men, but engaged the enemy early the next morning, and inflicted a most crushing defeat upon the previously victorious Afghan army, by the battle of Baba-Wali. For this General Roberts has already received the warmest thanks from his Sovereign and his countrymen, and on his return to England has been warmly welcomed by all classes. On landing at Dover he met with an enthusiastic reception, and on arriving in London was at once invited to a banquet by his fellow officers, the members of the United Service Club, Pall Mall. There a most brilliant company assembled to meet him, including those naval and military leaders whose names are best known in the annals of modern warfare. The Duke of Cambridge presided, and he was supported on his right by the Prince of Wales and Lord Northbrook, General Roberts being on his left. At the head of the table, in front of the Chairman, was the Duke of Connaught, on whose right sat Prince Christian. There were only three toasts, "The Queen," "The Royal Family," and "General Roberts," and the Prince of Wales, in responding to the second, alluded to the great interest Her Majesty and himself had taken in the events in Afghanistan, and to their sorrow at the great sacrifice of life; paying an eulogistic tribute to the bravery that had characterised the career of General Roberts in Afghanistan. In acknowledgment General Roberts referred to the bravery of the Afghans, and their powers of endurance, and expressed his opinion that, by the introduction of railways and the development of the resources of the country, the Afghans, instead of being the implacable enemies of the British, might become faithful allies and devoted to the arts of peace, like many Indian peoples whose chief characteristic formerly was enmity against this country and a disinclination to peaceful pursuits.

THE NAVAL ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS—THEATRICALS ON BOARD H.M.S. "RAINBOW"

THIS entertainment consisted of a dramatic performance by members of the London branch of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers. The guests were received on the Police Pier, Thames Embankment, by members of the R.N.V., and conveyed on board by the ships' boats, manned by Volunteers. This scene of embarkation, lighted up by the electric lamps on the Embankment, was very picturesque. Arrived on board, the visitors found the main deck transformed into a very pretty theatre. After a selection of music by an excellent band, the curtain drew up for the first scene in *Pickwick*, which was performed with great spirit, the various characters being excellently sustained. The second piece was entitled *Love*, an original musical, eccentric fragment, and had been written by Mr. C. F. Fuller, a member of the corps. The music had been composed and arranged by Mr. Campbell Williams, and the piece proved a great success, being received with great applause by the audience, and being acted with great humour. The songs in particular were highly comic. In the interval between the two pieces refreshments were handed round.

NOTE.—We accidentally omitted in our last issue to mention that our illustrations of "St. Benedict's College, Loch Ness, were engraved from photographs by James Valentine and Sons, 154, Perth Road, Dundee.



PARLIAMENT has now been still further prorogued from the 2nd December to 6th January, 1881, when it is to assemble "for the dispatch of divers urgent and important affairs."

ELECTION NEWS.—Mr. Rathbone (L.) has been returned for Carnarvonshire, polling 3,180 votes against Mr. Nanny's 2,151.—Mr. John Blair Balfour, Solicitor-General for Scotland, has been returned unopposed for Clackmannan and Kinross shires, in the room of Mr. Adam, now Governor of Madras.—Mr. T. M. Healy, Mr. Parnell's private secretary, has been returned unopposed for Wexford.

MR. G. SHAW LEFEVRE has been appointed First Commissioner of Works in the room of Mr. Adam, the new Governor of Madras, who left England on Friday. Mr. Trevelyan will succeed Mr. Lefevre as Secretary to the Admiralty.

POLITICAL SPEECHES in plenty have been delivered during the week. Lord Granville, at a Liberal meeting at Hanley on Saturday, said that the condition of some parts of Ireland was painful and discreditable. It was impossible that such a state of things should continue, and when Parliament met early in January the public would have a right to expect not merely remedies for the present disorder, but that something should be done towards ensuring the future contentment of the people. Turning to foreign affairs, he said that it might be supposed from an expression in a report in the *Yellow Book* that he declared to the French that they had no intention of firing a shot. This he never said; it would have been absolutely contrary to his argument. What he stated was, that the necessity for doing so was extremely unlikely.—Sir Stafford Northcote at Brecon, on Friday last, spoke of the Irish question as one which outweighed all others. The silence of the Government, at first respected and then wondered at, was now creating positive alarm. Judging from what had occurred, he should think that the three F's stood for "Fraud, Force, and Folly," and he was sure that any proposals of the English Government would be utterly scouted by the Leaders of the Land League, because their real object, as Mr. Parnell had himself stated, was the destruction of the legislative connection of England and Ireland.—Mr. Serjeant Simon, addressing his constituents at Dewsbury on Monday, said that the

history of our connection with Ireland was one of conquest, confiscation, coercion, and famine. English views as to land were unfitted for Ireland, and it was time we began to legislate for her from an Irish point of view. He felt it to be his duty to support the Government, for he believed that they would endeavour to do what was right and just to a discontented and long suffering people.—The whole of the "Fourth Party" was present at the Conservative demonstration at Woodstock on Tuesday, presided over by Lord Randolph Churchill. The chief speaker was Lord Salisbury, who, after taunting the Government with their "very great achievement at Dulcigno," and accusing them of having projected "a buccaneering expedition to seize the port of Smyrna," turned to the Irish question, and said that the disgraceful condition of that country was the result of Mr. Gladstone's legislation of 1870. The importance of the outrages did not consist in their number or their heinousness, but in their steady direction to the attainment of one end, the fact being that there were two governments in Ireland—one an ostensible and showy one, which did not act; and the other an occult one, whose unrelenting decrees were carried out by means of destruction of property, cruelty to animals, torture, torment, and, if necessary, assassination.—At the Liverpool Caledonian banquet on Tuesday, Lord Dalhousie, responding for the House of Lords, said that it seemed to him to be placed "between the devil and the deep sea," for if it should ever deliberately resolve never on any occasion to thwart the will of the House of Commons, it would assuredly die of atrophy and contempt; while, whenever it did venture to oppose the will of that House, it was immediately threatened with a violent death.—Lord Rosebery presiding on Wednesday at a meeting held to express sympathy with the Greek Nation, said that the honour of Europe was pledged to that country, and that it was the interest as well as the duty of all Governments to see that her claims were satisfied.—Sir Stafford Northcote, speaking at Tiverton on Wednesday, expressed a hope that amidst the hot work of the coming session room would be found for useful measures, upon which all parties could unite; and said that he believed a way would be found to put down obstruction.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN, the biographer of the late Prince Consort, is now Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University, having been chosen in preference to Mr. E. A. Freeman, the historian, by 113 votes to 68.

GUY'S HOSPITAL.—Dr. Charles Hilton Fagge, the Senior Assistant Physician, and Mr. Davies-Colley, F.R.C.S., the Senior Assistant Surgeon, have been elected by the Governors to the posts of Physician and Surgeon recently vacated by Dr. Habershon and Mr. Cooper Forster.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY held its anniversary meeting on Tuesday, an address being delivered by the President, Mr. W. Spottiswoode, in which he reviewed the scientific discoveries of the year. The annual banquet took place in the evening.

SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS, who last week received the Ribbon and Badge of a G.C.B. from the hands of Her Majesty at Windsor, was on Tuesday (St. Andrew's Day) the chief guest at the annual banquet of the Scottish Corporation. In responding for the army, he spoke in high terms of the bravery of the 72nd and 92nd Highland Regiments under his command in Afghanistan. On Wednesday General Roberts dined with the officers of the Royal Artillery at Woolwich.

EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS of a decided character though slight intensity was felt on Sunday, and again on Tuesday, in different parts of Scotland, and also in the North of Ireland.

SOLDIERS IN UNIFORM.—At the last general meeting of the Middlesex magistrates, Major Lyon announced that if any music-hall proprietors showed disrespect to those in the service of their country by refusing admission to soldiers in uniform, every effort would be made to cancel their licences. So far so good, but we were not aware that music-halls were peculiar offenders in this respect.

OBITUARY.—Mr. Mark Firth, the munificent benefactor of Sheffield, died on Sunday from the effects of the attack of apoplexy and paralysis which he suffered a few weeks previously. He was sixty-one years old, and had been Mayor and Master Cutler of Sheffield, where he founded the Firth College, the Firth Park, and the Firth Almshouses at a total cost of over 80,000*l.*, besides contributing largely to other schemes for the benefit of the inhabitants.—Mr. John Whitwell, M.P. for Kendal, of which borough he had been six times Mayor, died also on Sunday at the age of sixty-nine. He was formerly a member of the Society of Friends, but joined the Established Church many years ago, and at the time of his death was Lieutenant Colonel in the Westmoreland Volunteers, and Chairman of the Associated Chambers of Commerce. Among the other deaths recorded this week are those of Mr. C. J. Manning, brother of Cardinal Manning; and Mrs. Eden, wife of the Bishop of Moray and Ross, Primus of the Episcopal Church of Scotland.



THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

THE Winter Exhibition of the Suffolk Street Gallery generally contains a number of works by rising artists at a moderate price, so is always a good place for the collector with some taste, and not too much money. Some of the most able members of the society are represented only by small and unimportant pictures. Mr. W. L. Wyllie, whose works are generally among the most attractive, here sends only one small work, "Twilight," which, though it compares favourably with those surrounding it, cannot be accounted one of his most successful productions. Another young landscape painter, Mr. E. Ellis, is on the contrary seen to great advantage in the present display. His "Haunt of the Wildfowl" is an impressive rendering of a scene of wild and gloomy grandeur, painted in a broad and simple style, and full of delicate and truthful modulations of colour. The smaller works by this artist, "Among the Sand-hills" and "Windy Weather on Barmouth Marshes," though showing a slight tendency to over-accentuate the darker passages, are very artistic in treatment, and in the main, true to nature. Mr. J. White's large picture of a farmyard by twilight, "The Farmer's Boy," is true in general effect, sober and harmonious in colour, but the figure to which the title refers is awkwardly posed and ill-drawn. Among several small pictures by Mr. J. R. Reid, in which landscape and figures are cleverly combined, "The Wanderer's Noon" is especially noteworthy for its excellent keeping and purity of colour.

The only effort in the way of abstract design is a semi-nude female figure fastening a piece of loose drapery over her left shoulder, called "The Fibula," by Mr. Arthur Hill. The pose of the figure is graceful, and well chosen to evolve beauty of form; the head, neck, and arms, too, are admirably drawn and modelled, but the lower limbs are less accurate in design.

There is a good deal of character and some humour in Mr. W. Dendy Sadler's "Great Expectations," showing two old gentlemen patiently fishing in a drizzling rain, but it strongly resembles more than one picture that he has exhibited before.

As a true type of English rustic character, nothing could be better than the old woman assiduously brushing her husband's fluff

white hat, in Mr. J. Hayllar's "Sunday Togs;" but the crude and glaring colour of the picture detracts greatly from its value.

Mr. G. C. Hindley's single figure of a sturdy Puritan pondering over the contents of an "Anonymous Letter" is an excellent example of *genre* painting, remarkable not less for its truth of character than for its excellent colour and keeping.

Among other noticeable pictures are a bright little picture, full of movement and vivacity, of "Fair-Day: Beaconsfield," by Mr. F. G. Cotman; an admirable sketch of "Kunswick," by Mr. Aumonier; a small and very able picture of "Hay Barges," by Mr. C. Thornely; and several faithful landscape studies, by Mr. W. C. Estall.

THE RUGBY ART MUSEUM

WE suppose that most of the Public Schools resemble each other pretty closely in the curriculum of study, in their sports, and in their daily life; but in one respect Rugby has set a new example to the others, in an attempt to meet the growing requirements of the age in the matter of Art and Art-study. In saying this, we do not allude to that comparatively superficial study usually comprehended in the expression "learning to draw." That represents but one—and more often than not a very small—phase of the mental education which the study of Art in its broad and proper meaning signifies. Last year, through the exertions of Dr. Jex-Blake, a building was erected on a separate piece of ground apart from the school. This building combines an Art-Museum, Library, and Reading Room, together with a residence for the Curator. In week days, between 10 A.M. and "lock-up" time, boys are at liberty to use the Library and Museum; and on Sundays, between 2 and 4, the Library alone.

The Art Museum was inaugurated by an exhibition of pictures and other works of Art; and during the Summer Term this year a second exhibition has, like its predecessor, met with great success. The Early schools of painting were represented by fine examples of Giorgione, Bernardino, Luini, Velasquez, Rubens, Murillo, Gerard Douw, Van Dyck, and Michael Angelo; whilst the English school found fitting illustration in three fine portraits, including one of Queen Charlotte, from the easel of Sir Joshua, and Gainsborough's charming half length of the beautiful Lady Dorothea Eden. There were works, too, by all the principal landscape artists, from "Old Crome" to Birket Foster, including several Turners; and some good foreign pictures, including a specially fine Calame, were lent by the South Kensington authorities, who also contributed a number of cases of "objects." Besides such attractions as these, an extremely interesting collection of old plate and MSS. was lent by Queen's College, Oxford; and a large case of specimens of silver work was contributed by Mr. Soden Smith, the Principal Librarian at South Kensington Museum. Mr. Lindsay, the Curator, seized the opportunity thus afforded to give a series of "chats" on the pictures and drawings to those of the boys who chose to attend. These "chats," which were really a sort of clinical lectures given in front of each work, were so successful that a more extensive course was arranged. Dr. Jex-Blake, Mr. Lee Warner, and other gentlemen have contributed to the scheme, and many useful and interesting discourses have been the result; whilst Mr. Lindsay is at present engaged in a course of four lectures on "Engraving," illustrated by numerous examples from South Kensington; a very fine historical series lent by Marcus J. Ward, Esq., of Belfast, and many specimens of wood-engraving and materials illustrating the process, lent by the proprietors of this journal. The "chats" are not limited to the boys, and many of the masters and their Art-loving friends find time to attend.



THE re-opening of the HAYMARKET Theatre, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, who have since last July resigned this house into the hands of Mr. J. S. Clarke, brings back into the Haymarket programme the old names, together with Mr. Robertson's adaptation of the late Herr Benedix's *Aschenbrödel*, which, under the name of *School*, was so familiar to patrons of the Prince of Wales's *School*, as will no doubt be remembered, was in the full tide of prosperity—the revival having been very beautifully and appropriately mounted—when the Haymarket last closed for the holidays; the representations are accordingly resumed without any change in the cast, with the exception of the circumstance that Mr. Brookfield undertakes the part of Mr. Krux, the spiteful usher, in the place of Mr. Forbes Robertson, who is engaged just now in representing the humorously frank lover in the Dutch play of *Amn-Mie*, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Mr. Brookfield is little, if at all, known on the London stage; but he shows himself an excellent actor, his performance of this part being very clever in suggestions of malice and self-seeking in accordance with the author's intention. Mrs. Bancroft's Naomi Tighe, the good-natured freakish school-girl, it would now be late to praise; nor is this too much to say of Mr. Arthur Cecil's Beau Farintosh, Mr. Bancroft's Jack Poyntz, Miss Marion Terry's Bella, Mr. Kemble's Dr. Sutcliffe, Mr. Conway's Lord Beaufoy, or Mrs. Canning's Mrs. Sutcliffe. The performance is, indeed, highly finished, even to the smallest parts. With this piece is associated a revival of Mr. Clement Scott's "fireside story," an adaptation of *Le Village*, by M. Octave Feuillet, which was brought out at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, under the title of *The Vicarage*, about three years ago. The contrast between Mrs. Bancroft's appearance in the part of a prim, staid, but charming old lady in this piece and her subsequent appearance as the romping schoolgirl is very striking, not merely because of a clever change of "make up"—for that is a common sort of artifice—but because in spite of certain irrepressible characteristics common to each—the merry laugh, the pretty little airs of ludicrous distress, the merry twinkle of the eye, the charming good-natured voice—this delightful actress is yet able to mark the wide difference of age with admirable art. Not all these outward gifts, indeed, could enable a rival to do what Mrs. Bancroft does without the inborn artistic sense and cleverness which render her one of the most charming and also one of the most original of actresses. Unfortunately her performance in *The Vicarage* cannot by any possibility be wholly satisfactory, because the situation in which she is the leading figure is curiously strained and unreal. The range of this lady is certainly not limited to mere light and humorous scenes: witness the singularly touching effect of her frank confession of error and dignified appeal to her husband in the character of Lady Teazle, in the famous screen scene in the *School for Scandal*. In like manner there is much sincerity and true pathos in her acting as the Vicar's wife; but the occasion of all this, even allowing for all the circumstances of the case, is so manifestly inadequate to furnish ground for so much sentiment that the spectator necessarily remains unmoved. The part of the bragging traveller George Clarke, whose airs of superiority are supposed to captivate the home-keeping Vicar, and induce him to make a short trip to the Continent, is now played by Mr. Bancroft, in the place of Mr. Kendal. It seems to demand the light easy touch and boundless yet unconscious impudence of the late Mr. Charles Mathews; nothing less, indeed, could render quite endurable the visitor's aggressive attitude towards the hospitable and refined old pair at their own table. All this is not quite within Mr. Bancroft's reach—admirable actor as he is; but the truth is that George Clarke,

the Cambridge fellow and cultivated gentleman, who tells his inoffensive host and hostess that their tea is "stewy" and their toast "spongy," puts his elbows on the table, and rings for their servant to bully him about the shortcomings of the cook, is a personage whom no degree of art could render a consistent, much less an agreeable conception. There are clever lines in the dialogue—due to the invention of the adaptor—which amuse and provoke laughter; but the grief and prostration of the old lady over her husband's project of a three week's trip to the Continent, and together with a no less exaggerated and still more unexpected outburst of sentimentality on the part of George Clarke, rather puzzle than entertain the audience, and the dénouement accordingly awakens but little sympathy.

Mr. Savile Clarke has written a new comic operetta, for which Mr. Edward Solomon has composed the music. Its title is *The Phantom Cutlet, a Gastronomic Absurdity*. The piece is to be produced at the Gaiety Theatre, with Mr. Edward Terry and Miss Lottie Venn in the leading characters. The late Lord Lytton has, according to the *Daily News*, left behind him a classical drama founded on Plautus's play of *The Captive*, which has been placed in the hands of Mr. Hollingshead for production both in London and New York. It will not be produced at the Gaiety. According to the outline of the plot which our contemporary furnishes, an element of romance has been interwoven with the thread of the ancient play in the shape of a love story—Tyndarus, who is consigned by his own father to slave labour in the stone quarries, being represented as sustained amidst all his sorrows by the sympathy and love of a Greek girl. The scene and period of the story, however, remain unchanged. It is believed that Tyndarus—a powerful part—will be played in London by Mr. George Rignold, in New York by Mr. John McCullough. *Michael Strogoff*, the new spectacular play of Russian life and manners, which has caused so great a sensation at the Châtelet Theatre in Paris, is to be adapted for representation, with similar scenic splendours, at the Adelphi. Mr. Charles Warner will represent the part of the hero.—The engagement of Mr. Florence, the American actor, at the Gaiety, having come to close, Mr. E. Terry has rejoined the company at this house, where he reappeared on Monday evening in Mr. Burnand's farcical comedy, *The Musical Box*, and Mr. Boucicault's *Kerry*. The new burlesque of *The Corsican Brothers*, played as an afterpiece, continues, however, to be the leading attraction of the programme.—An elaborate programme of performances, in which most of the leading actors and actresses of the London stage take part, has been issued by the Committee of the Harcourt Fund. The benefit takes place on Monday afternoon next at DRURY LANE. The object is to provide a fund for the maintenance and education of Mr. Harcourt's little daughter, suddenly left an orphan through the unhappy accident by which her father lost his life.—The old romantic drama entitled *The Green Bushes* has been revived at the Adelphi, a theatre with which its name has been closely associated ever since its first production there in 1845. It has the advantage of being played by a powerful company, but somehow, to a modern audience, this whilom favourite seems rather a feeble piece, being, in their opinion, rather of the nature of a prolonged farce with occasional bursts of pathos.

AT THE PHILHARMONIC the latest attraction is the *Coster-Twin Brothers*, a "burlesque absurdity," written by Mr. Frank Hall, who appears in the dual rôle. Chateau Renaud is a baker, and Fabien a coster-monger, and the final duel is fought with weapons fresh from the bakehouse and the vegetable stall. The humour of the piece, decidedly broad and boisterous, appears to be well suited to the tastes of the Islingtonians who crowd the house. Other items of the programme are the burlesque of *O! Jupiter*, and the well-known farce of the *The Lottery Ticket*, thinly disguised as "2,450."



THE TURF.—With the last day of last week the "legitimate" flat-racing season came to an end, and for the next three months, with the exception of hunters' flat races, steeplechasing and hurdle-racing will have exclusive possession of the Turf. The legitimate season by no means died a lingering death, but showed strong vitality to the very end, as the large fields and spirited contests at Manchester and Kempton Park last Saturday fully testified. At the former meeting Rubicon scored another victory in the Handicap Plate, though he started the least fancied of the four backed, and Flotsam in another handicap and Abana in the Nursery both followed up previous successes, while the same may be said of Madame du Barry, who won the November Handicap, the feature of winners repeating their performances, to which we alluded last week, being thus signally illustrated. For the November Handicap the old rogue Adamite ran second, as he did last year, and the only one of the favourites who gained a place was Sideral, who ran third.—At Kempton Park, on the same day, which, by the way, was more like a bright day in April than November, the sport was excellent, and again the Irish division, who are making a good thing of these trips across St. George's Channel, were to the front, winning the Wolsey Hurdle Race with Theophrastus and the November Handicap with Beauchamp II. This animal has on several occasions shown but very poor form, and hence long odds were obtainable against him; but those connected with him, remembering that he was well up at the finish with the leaders in the Liverpool Cup, put their "pieces" on him, and took them up with interest. Pelleas got Lord Rosebery's colours into the second place, where they figured on his lordship's Bute in this handicap a year ago. Sir Joseph started favourite, but once more disappointed his friends, though he had Fordham in the saddle. His case seems almost hopeless, notwithstanding his two-year-old excellence. The Teddington Nursery finished the day, and was won by Mr. Pickwick, one of the best looking two-year-olds of the season, but whether this was absolutely the last flat race of the season may be a question, as the Nursery at Manchester, won by Abana, was set for the same time. Something like 300 different horses have run during the last fortnight, so great has been the anxiety of owners to earn their winter's keep. Altogether, the flat-racing season of 1880 may be said to have been a satisfactory one. Our thoroughbreds, at least those of them which have kept on their legs, have shown no deterioration, but rather the contrary, and probably two better animals than Isonomy and Robert the Devil have not been seen on the Turf for years, if indeed at any previous period. The season, too, has been remarkably free from Turf scandals, notwithstanding the legion of disreputable hangers-on to the national pastime. Turf statisticians are now busy on their annual labours anent winning owners, winning jockeys, winning horses, &c., &c., and we shall take the liberty from time to time during the winter months of giving the results of some of their labours to our readers.—F. Archer, the famous jockey, now joins M. Dawson in the management of his stable at Newmarket, and it is possible that his active career as a jockey has come to a close.—Cross-country sport has been fairly good at Croydon this week, the course itself showing great improvement. United Service on the first day was another instance of an animal following up recent successes, as he beat eight others in the opening Hurdle Race, starting at the comparatively long price of 100 to 15. In the November Hunters' Race, Mr. Nightingall's Rocket beat the much fancied Spendthrift, who had

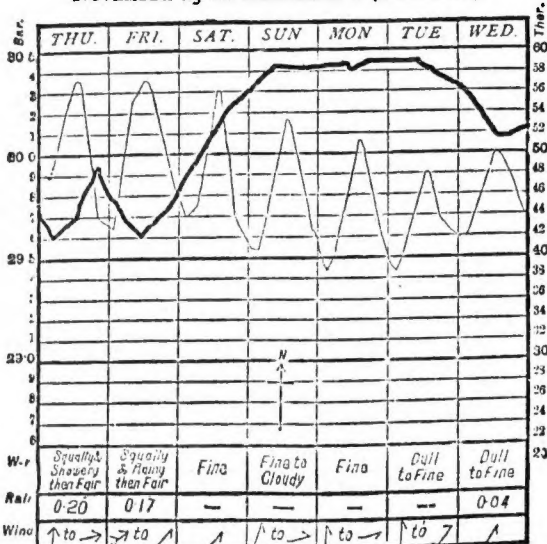
been sent from Newmarket to compete, and eight others, and Anaconda took the Selling Steeple Chase. The Grand National Hurdle Race, which has fallen somewhat from its once high position, brought out a field of ten, of whom Charles I. and Fair Wind were made first favourites at 5 to 2. They ran first and second, Fair Wind, an Irish mare, holding the second position, Controller, an Irish animal also, being third. The finish was a most exciting one, and R. T'Anson only got the English horse home first by a head. On the second day the Great Metropolitan Steeplechase, which has declined in prestige even more than the Hurdle Race, only brought out six runners, the Liberator, Jupiter Tonans, and other good horses, having been previously scratched. Still there was considerable interest in the contest as among the starters was Bacchus, Regal, and Controller, the latter of whom, notwithstanding his performance on the previous day, was thought likely to make a good show. Regal was made favourite, but the Irish horse, Bacchus, carrying 5lbs. more than the Liverpool winner, secured the race, the outsiders, Lady Newman and Sleight of Hand, being second and third. The Bromley meeting followed Croydon, producing sport up to the average; but it was held, at least on the well-known course, for the last time.

AQUATICS.—Ross and Trickett met on Monday last for their match on the Thames Championship Course. Neither of the men were considered in a satisfactory condition, but a good deal of interest was felt in the race. Ross led through Hammersmith Bridge, but soon after Trickett rowed up and fouled him slightly, and Ross held up his hand to claim the race. However, they rowed on, and Trickett shortly after got the lead, and came in first by four lengths. The umpire, however, gave it "no race," and ordered the men to row again on the following Saturday.—There is great rejoicing in aquatic circles at Hanlan and Laycock having been matched. It must be remembered, however, that it is not for the Championship of the World, which Hanlan recently won when he beat Trickett, which he is entitled to hold undisturbed for three months, and then to have contested on water of his own choice by his challenger. The newly-made race is for the Championship of the Thames, the *Sportsman* Challenge Cup, and 500l. a-side. It is to come off in six weeks' time.

FOOTBALL.—In the Association Cup contest Nottingham has beaten the Derby Club by four goals to two.—The first of the annual London 21. Birmingham Association out-and-home matches was played at the Oval on Saturday last, London winning by four goals to two. Last year Birmingham won the Oval match by two goals to one.—On Monday last, on the Old Deer Park, Richmond, Surrey and Middlesex played their annual Rugby Union match, which, after a spirited contest, ended in a draw.—Sandhurst College has beaten Woolwich Royal Academy by a goal and three tries to one try.—The Westminster Boys have had to succumb to the Royal Engineers in an Association game.—At Eton, on Tuesday last, St. Andrew's Day was secularly observed by games at football. The "Game at the Wall," between the "Oppidians" and "Collegers," was played, according to immemorial custom, in the presence of a large number of Old Etonians and visitors from all parts of the kingdom, who regard the day as a sort of "Fourth of June" for the Winter Half. The description of this curious game would be almost unintelligible to the outside world; suffice it, therefore, to say that on this occasion it ended in a draw, after an excellent display of its peculiar requirements by both sides. After it, the annual "field" match between Oxford and Cambridge (Old Etonians) was played, and resulted in the victory of the Oxford team by two "rouges" to nothing.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

NOVEMBER 25 TO DECEMBER 1 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—At the commencement of this period the weather over our Islands was being seriously affected by some very deep depressions, which were passing along in a north-north-easterly direction outside our western and northern coasts. The Irish and Scotch stations were, of course, influenced to a much greater extent than the English, but even in London we were not wholly free from atmospheric disturbances in the form of gales of wind and squalls of rain. Early on Thursday morning (25th ult.) a hard gale from the south swept over the metropolis, and later in the day some heavy showers fell, while on Friday morning (26th ult.) a fresh gale from the south-west was experienced, with more rain. After Friday (26th ult.) the barometer in London rose steadily until Sunday (28th ult.), and the weather improved considerably. Saturday, Sunday, and Monday (27th, 28th, and 29th ult.) being fair and bright, with an entire absence of rain. On Tuesday (30th ult.) the barometer began to fall a little, owing to the appearance of some further depressions in the west, but the new series of disturbances seems to be of less intensity than the last, and the weather in London has not yet been affected to any serious extent. Temperature has been rather high all the week, and was especially so during the first three days, when the maxima were respectively 57°, 57°, and 56°. No night frosts have occurred. The barometer was highest (30.46 inches) on Tuesday (30th ult.); lowest (29.60 inches) on Thursday and Friday (25th and 26th ult.); range, 0.86 inches. Temperature was highest (57°) on Thursday and Friday (25th and 26th ult.); lowest (39°) on Monday and Tuesday (29th and 30th ult.); range, 18°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.41 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.20 inches, on Thursday (25th ult.).

M. JULES VERNE, whose popularity is perhaps as great in England as in his own country, has never seen any of those foreign countries he describes so vividly. He is a regular stay-at-home, and his travels are limited to short cruises round the French coasts in his tiny yacht, *St. Michel*, but he is a great reader of books on exploration the *American Register* tells us, and fairly stores his mind with the most minute details before describing any place. Recently in Paris he met an Italian, and inquired whether "little cobbler So-and-So lived in a particular street in Rome," and whether the same jeweller X. was at the corner of such a square, showing so intimate an acquaintance with the place that his hearer refused to believe M. Verne had never been in Italy. Before he inaugurated his peculiar style of novel, M. Verne wrote plays, but his first work of the kind, *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, was so successful that he has ever since pursued the same vein.



PLYMOUTH proposes to erect on the Hoe a monument commemorating the landing of Sir Francis Drake after his circumnavigation of the globe.

AN UNKNOWN PROSE WORK BY GOETHE—a "Singspiel"—has been discovered by Professor Arndt, of Leipsic, and will shortly be published.

A PORTRAIT BY TITIAN of Isabella of Portugal, wife of the Emperor Charles V., has been found hidden away in one of the corridors of an old German castle.

THE MORMON TEMPLE AT SALT LAKE CITY has been twenty years in course of construction, and as yet it has hardly assumed definite shape. The cost is to be 5,200,000l., and the contract has still sixty years to run.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY is now open to the public on Students' Days—Thursdays and Fridays—on payment of sixpence. Surely when once so praiseworthy a reform had been decided upon, it would have been better to have followed Paris rather than South Kensington, and have omitted the fee.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS of small dimensions for friends abroad are so often sent in letters that it is well to warn all intending givers that no enclosures of any value, or articles liable to duty, are allowed in letters for Italy. The Italian Post Office are authorised to confiscate anything of the kind, and intend strictly to carry out the measure in future.

STRIKING AN AVERAGE.—A curious illustration of the condition of Irish country life comes from Kildysart, where two brothers, joint owners of a farm, recently sent a horse to be shod to a blacksmith, who, like all his trade in the district, was a Land Leaguer. Only one of the brothers, however, belongs to the Land League, so the smith put two shoes on the horse and then refused to complete his job, alleging that the other shoes represented the share of the anti-League brother, for whom he was bound not to work.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,521 deaths were registered against 1,489 during the previous seven days, an increase of 32, being 221 below the average, and at the rate of 21.7 per 1,000. There were 19 from small-pox (an increase of 9), 37 from measles (a decline of 4), 83 from scarlet fever (an increase of 17), 11 from diphtheria (a decline of 1), 15 from whooping cough, 15 from different forms of fever (a decline of 2), and 18 from diarrhoea (a decline of 4). There were 2,432 births registered against 2,343 during the previous week, being 57 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 42.4 deg., and 1.4 deg. above the average.

CAMP LIFE AT QUETTA is not very agreeable, to judge from a letter in the *Times of India*. The barracks there are low mud buildings, the rooms not even whitewashed, and the floors covered with old rags to keep out the dust, but even these poor habitations are considered palaces of comfort in comparison to a tent in the cold weather. There are only two brick buildings, one being occupied by Sir R. Sandeman, and as there is no spot of interest within fifty miles, the officers have no place of recreation after the day's duties except the Club, which is so primitive a spot that each person must bring his own knife, fork, spoon, and tumbler.

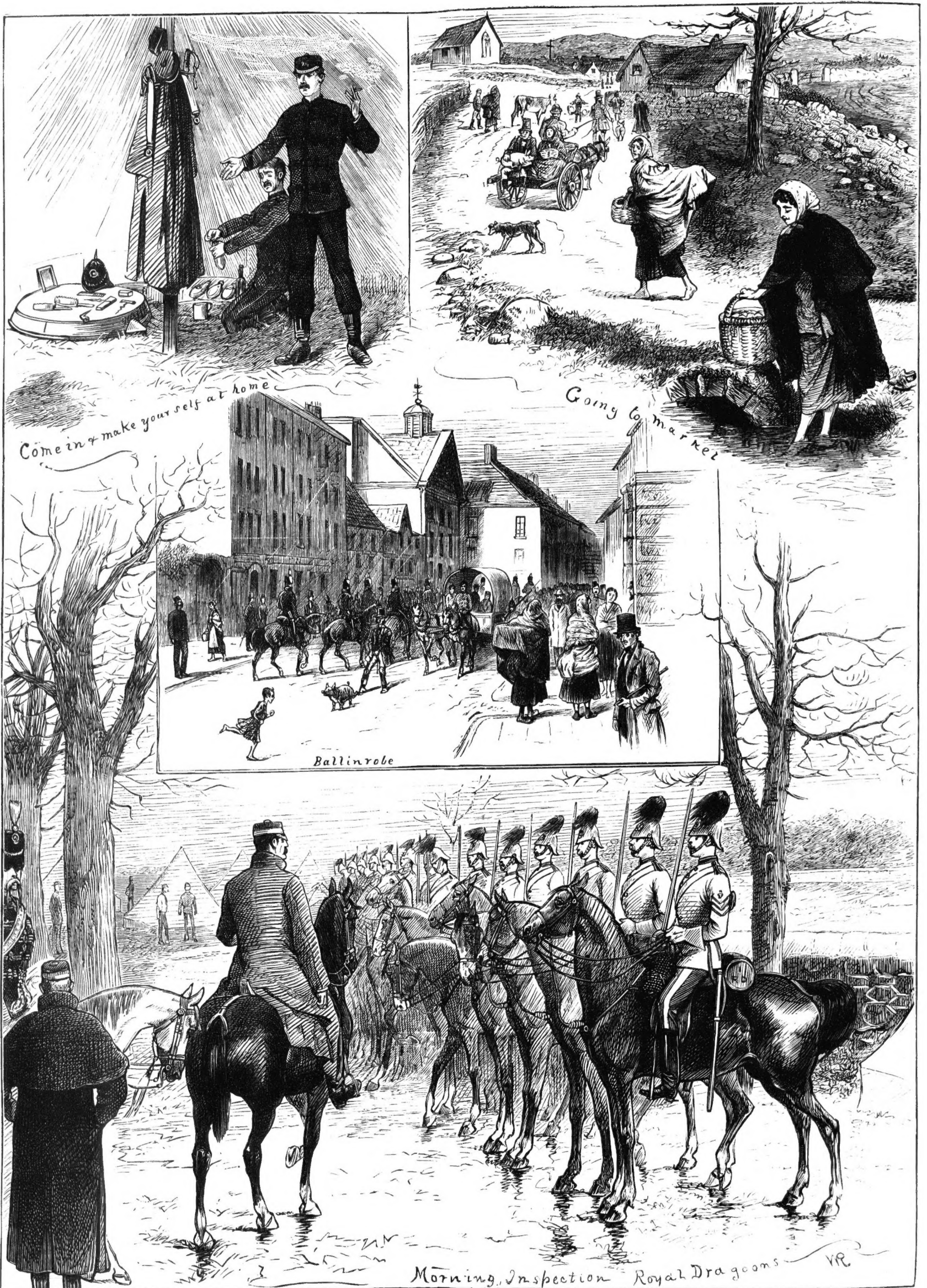
INFORMATION ON ENGLISH AFFAIRS contributed by Gallic journals is sure to be both amusing and instructive, and the *Evénement* contributes two interesting bits of intelligence. Thus we learn that Mr. Parnell—who will shortly visit Paris to collect funds for continuing the Irish agitation—never drinks anything but gin, while his favourite dish is bacon and potatoes. Further, Paris was visited last week by a band of English tourists, including Lord Ronald Gower. Whilst visiting M. Grévy Lord Ronald took out a handful of louis, and presented them to the President, saying: "Here, take this for your poor sentinels, and tell them to drink plenty of hot grogs."

A FINE-ART EXHIBITION, to which foreign artists are invited to contribute, will be held at Madrid in April next. Works must be sent in between April 1st and 15th. Talking of Art matters, Bavaria will hold a National Fine-Art and Industrial Exhibition at Nuremberg in 1882; while Transatlantic brethren of the brush are delighted with the recently opened Exhibition of Fine-Arts at the Pennsylvania Academy in Philadelphia, which is considered the finest display of strictly American Art yet given in the country. The necessity of foreign influence, however, is notably demonstrated by the fact that all the best pictures come from Paris, and, if these contributions had been left out, it would have been "a pretty insipid show."

A THICK GARLAND OF REAL VIOLETS carried down the front of the dress from throat to waist between two lace frills is being worn in Paris just now. So-called "English fashions" still prevail, and the newest ornament for the hair is the "Prince of Wales's plume"—three long feathers arranged on the model of the Prince's crest, with the stems outlined in diamonds. Shirt-studs for dandies are made of mother-of-pearl crossed by gold thread, intended to look as if sewn on by the gold thread. A large number of pious fashionable Parisiennes, by the way, have determined to buy no new dresses this winter, and neither to give nor to attend entertainments of any kind, intending to give the money raised to the expelled Religious Orders.

THE DEVOTION OF BRITISH OFFICERS TO THE COLOURS in the Battle of Maiwand, in July last, is conspicuously illustrated by one of the official despatches. Two officers—Olivey and Honeywood—were seen holding up the colours—the pole of one of which was shattered to pieces—as rallying points; and the latter officer was shot down whilst holding the flag high over his head, and shouting, "Men, what shall we do to save this?" Lieut.-Col. Galbraith was last seen on the bank of the nullah, kneeling on one knee, with a colour in his hand, his officers and men rallying round him. Sergeant-Major Cuppage was shot dead outside the garden whilst carrying a colour; and many other non-commissioned officers and men laid down their lives in the attempt to save the colours of their regiment.

THE RISK OF TELEPHONE LINES in the centres of traffic is fast coming into consideration, simultaneously with the rapid extension of telephonic use both in London and large provincial towns. Telegraph wires in falling have caused several deaths, and *Engineering* points out very forcibly that where one telegraph wire ran before, a dozen telephone wires now radiate, forming a perfect network overhead, in the City in particular. The telegraph supporting poles are prohibited to be further than seventy-five yards apart, but many of the telephone spans are at least 200 yards, and considering how soon the wires oxidise in a smoky city, a sudden breakage during a winter gale is by no means an unlikely event. At one place in the heart of the City there is a single housetop from which radiate over 200 wires, many crossing the streets at all angles, so that a breakdown would completely sweep away the traffic. A telephonic danger of another kind is noted by the *American Architect*. Recently a wire conveying the current of the electric light came in contact with a telephone wire passing over a roof, and flames instantly burst from the instrument hanging on the wall of the office. Such an accident happening at night in a dwelling-house or warehouse might be most disastrous, while the mishap might occur when any person was holding the telephones, causing serious injury to the ear. All these dangers point to the eventual necessity of subterranean lines.



THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND—AT BALLINROBE AND LOUGH MASK



DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

"So," he said, sitting down and leaning his chin upon his whipstock, "thou must go, then?"

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

By WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," "THE MONKS OF THELEMA," ETC., ETC.

PART I.—WITHIN THE RULES.

CHAPTER I.

HOW KITTY LOST HER FATHER AND HER FRIENDS

My life has been (above any merits of my own) so blessed by Providence, that methinks its history should be begun with the ringing of bells, the singing of psalms, the sound of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music. For surely the contemplation of a happy course should, even towards its close, be accompanied by a heart full of cheerful piety and gratitude. And though, as often happens to us in the Lord's wisdom, ill fortune, disappointment, troubles of the flesh, and pain of disease may perhaps afflict me in these latter years of fleeting life, they ought not to lessen the glad song of praise for blessings formerly vouchsafed (and still dwelling in my memory) of love, of joy, and of happiness. Truly, the earth is a delightful place; a fair garden, which yields pleasant fruit; and, if it may be so said with becoming reverence, there are yet, outside the gates of Eden, places here and there which for beauty and delight, to those who thither win their way, are comparable with Paradise itself. In such a place it has been my happy lot to dwell.

Yet, just as the newborn babe begins his earthly course with a wail—ah, joyful cry for ear of mother!—so must this book begin with tears and weeping.

The weeping is that of an orphan over her dead father; the tears are those which fall upon a coffin beside an open grave: they are the tears of men and women come to pay this reverence at the burial of a man who was their best friend and their most faithful servant.

All the morning the funeral knell has been tolling; the people listen, now, to the solemn words of a service which seems spoken by the dead man himself to those who mourn. They admonish and warn, but they bid them be of good cheer, lift up their hearts, and trust in the Lord.

When we are in great grief and sorrow, outward things seem to affect us more than in ordinary times, when the heart is in repose and the mind, perhaps, slower of apprehension. The day, for instance, was late in May; the blackbird, thrush, and chaffinch were singing in the wood beside the church; a lark was carolling in the sky; a cuckoo was calling from a coppice; the hedges were green, and the trees were bright with their first fresh foliage; the white may-blossom, the yellow laburnum, and the laylock were at their best, and the wild roses were just beginning.

To the country girl who had never yet left her native village, this joy of the spring was so natural that it did not jar upon the grief of her soul. When the funeral was over, and the grave filled in and the people all dispersed, she stood for a few moments alone, and then walked away across the long grass of the churchyard, stepping lightly over the graves of the villagers, opened the little wicket-gate which led to the vicarage garden, passed in, and sought a sheltered place where, beneath the shade of bushes, she sat upon a bench and folded her hands, looked before her, and fell a-thinking.

She was between sixteen and seventeen, but tall of her age, and looked older; she wore a new black frock; she had thrown her straw hat with black ribbons upon the bench beside her. As for her face, I suppose it was pretty. Alas! I am a hypocrite, because I know that it was pretty. As yet, she did not know it, and had never thought about her face. Her eyes were brown (she has ever been thankful to have had brown eyes); her features were regular, and her face rather long; her hair was abundant and soft: it was like the hair of most English maidens, of a dark brown, or chestnut (it is now white); her arms were shapely, and her fingers thin and delicate (they were the fingers of a Pleydell); as for her complexion, it was as good as can be expected in a girl whose blood is pure, who has, as yet, known no late hours, who has been taught to use plenty of cold water and no washes or messes, who has run about without thinking of freckles, and has lived in the open air on homely food. In other words, as fine a show of red and white was in the cheeks of that child as ever Sir Joshua Reynolds tried to copy upon canvas.

She was thinking many things. First, of her father and his death; of the funeral, and the grief shown by people whom she had thought to be hard of heart, insensible to his admonitions, and untouched by his prayers. Yet they stood about the grave and wept, rude women and rough men. Would they ever again find a minister so benevolent, so pious, and so active in all good works? She thought of the house, and how dark and lonely it was, deserted by its former owner. She thought of what she should do in the time before her, and how she would be received in her new home. One thing comforted her; she looked older than she was, and was tall and strong. She could be helpful.

Then she drew out of her pocket a letter written for her only three days before her father died. She knew it quite by heart, but yet she read it again slowly, as if there might still be something in it which had escaped her.

"MY BELOVED DAUGHTER" (thus it ran),

"Knowing that I am about to die and to appear before my Father and merciful Judge, it is right that I should bestir

myself to make thee comprehend the situation in which thou wilt be placed. Of worldly wealth I have, indeed, but little to give thee. Face thy lot with hope, resignation, and a cheerful heart. The righteous man, said one who knew, hath never been found to beg his bread. Indeed, the whole course of this world is so ordered (by Divine wisdom), that he who chooseth the narrow path, chooseth also the safest. Therefore, be of good cheer.

"Imprimis. When I am buried, search the bedstead, and in the head thereof will be found a bag containing the sum of one hundred guineas in gold pieces. I have saved this money during my twenty years of incumbency. I trust that it will not be laid to my charge that I did not give this also to the poor; but I thought of my daughter first. Secondly, Farmer Goodpenny is indebted to me in the sum of twenty-two pounds, four shillings, and eightpence, for which I have his note. I charge thee that he be not asked to pay interest, and since it may be that he hath not the money, let it wait his good time. He is an honest man, who fears God. Thirdly, there is money, some twelve pounds or more, lying in my desk for present use. Fourthly, there are several sums due to me, money put out and lent (but not at usury), such as five shillings from the widow Coxon, and other amounts the which I will have thee forgive and remit entirely; for these my debtors are poor people. The horse is old, but he will fetch five pounds, and the cow will sell for two. As for the books, they may be sent to Maidstone, where they may be sold. But I doubt they will not bring more than ten guineas, or thereabouts, seeing that the call for works of divinity is small, even among my brethren of the cloth. And when you go to London forget not to ask of Mr. Longman, publisher, of St. Paul's Churchyard, an account of my "Sermons," published by him last year; my essay on "Philo-Judæus," issued four years ago; and my "Reflections on the Christian State," which he hath by him in manuscript. He will perhaps be able to return a larger sum of money than I was led by him at first to expect.

"My will and plain injunctions are as follows:

"When everything has been paid that is owing, and there are none who can hereafter say that he had a claim upon me which was unsatisfied, get together thy wearing apparel and effects, and under some proper protection, as soon as such can be found, go to London, and there seek out thy uncle and mother's brother, the Reverend Gregory Shovel, Doctor of Divinity, of whom I have spoken to thee of old. I take shame to myself that I have not sent him, for many years, letters of brotherly friendship. Nor do I rightly remember where he is to be found. But I know that he lives, because once a year there comes to me a keg or anker of rum, which I know must be from him, and which I have drunk with my

parishioners in a spirit of gratitude. Perhaps it would have been more consistent in a brother clergyman to have sent one of the latest books of our scholars. But he means well, and the rum is, I confess, of the best, and a generous drink, in moderation. He was Curate and Lecturer of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; but I would have thee go first to the Coffee House in St. Paul's Church-yard, where they know all the London clergy, and ask for his present lodging. This found, go to him, tell him that I am dead, give him thy money, entrust thyself to him, and be guided by him as thou hast been by me.

"And now, my daughter, if a father's prayers avail thee, be assured that I die like Jacob the patriarch, blessing thee and commanding thee. For my blessing, I pray that the Lord may have thee in His keeping, and give thee what is good for the eternal life. For my commandment—Be good: for herein is summed up the whole of the Commandments.

"And remember, my child, the Christian who lives in fear of death is foolish: even as he is foolish who will not lay hold of the promise, and so lives in terror of the Judgment. For I know—yea, I know—that the Lord loveth best that man who all the days of his life walks in faith and dies in hope.

"Your loving father,
"LAWRENCE PLEYDELL."

Had ever a girl so sweet a message from the dead, to keep and ponder over, to comfort and console her? She knew every word of it already, but the tears came afresh to her eyes in thinking of the dear hand which wrote those words—quiet now, its labours done, in the cold grave. Her father's last Will and Testament gave her more than riches—it gave her strength and consolation. The example of his life, which was so Christian and so good, might be forgotten, because the girl was too young to understand it, and too ignorant to compare; but this letter of true faith and religion would never be forgotten.

The Reverend Lawrence Pleydell, Master of Arts and sometime Fellow of the ancient and learned College or House of Christ, Cambridge, was (which is a thing too rare in these days) a country clergyman who was also a scholar, a divine, a man of pious thought, and a gentleman by descent, though only of a younger branch. It is too often found that if a country clergyman be a gentleman, he continues the habits of his class, such as fox-hunting, card-playing, and wine-drinking, concerning which, although the Bishops seem not yet of one mind upon the matter, I for my humble part, remembering what kind of man was my good father, venture to think are pursuits unworthy of one who holds a cure of souls. And when a clergyman is a scholar, he is too often devoted entirely to the consideration of his Greek and Latin authors, whereby his power over the hearts of the people is in a measure lost. Or, if he is a divine, he is too often (out of the fulness of his mind) constrained to preach the subtleties and hidden things of theology, which cannot be understood of the common people, so that it is as if he were speaking in an unknown tongue. And sometimes the parson of the parish is but a rude and coarse person, of vulgar birth, who will smoke tobacco with the farmers—yea, even with the labourers—drink with them, and not be ashamed to be seen in beer-houses, tap-rooms, or even at such unseemly diversions as bull-baiting, badger-drawing, and cock-fighting. It were to be wished that the Church were purged of all such.

The parish contained, besides farmers, but one family of gentlefolk, that of Sir Robert Levett, Knight, who with his wife and two children lived at the Hall, and had an estate worth two thousand a year at least. When the vicar's wife died (she was somewhat his inferior in point of family, but had a brother in the Church), and his child was left without a mother, nothing would do for Lady Levett than that the little maid should be taken into the Hall and brought up, having governesses and teaching, with her own daughter, Nancy, who was of about the same age, but a little younger. So the two girls were playfellows and scholars together, being taught those things which it befits a lady to learn, although one of them would be a poor lady indeed. There was one son, Will, who was at first at Eton with his cousin (and Sir Robert's ward), Harry Temple, the young Squire of Wootton Hampstead. It was a fearful joy when they came home for the holidays. For, although they kept the house in activity and bustle, making disorder and noise where there was generally quiet and order, yet after the manner of boys, who rejoice to show and feel their strength, they would play rough tricks upon the two girls, upset and destroy their little sports, and make them understand what feeble things are young maidens compared with boys.

Now just as the two girls were different—for one grew up tall and disposed to be serious, which was Kitty Pleydell, and the other was small and saucy, always with a laugh and a kiss, which was Nancy Levett—so the boys became different: for one, which was Will Levett, a rosy-cheeked lad, with a low forehead and a square chin, grew to dislike learning of all kinds, and was never happy except when he was in the stables with the horses, or training the dogs, or fox-hunting, or shooting, or fishing, or in some way compassing the death of wild creatures, sports to which his father was only moderately addicted; but the other, Harry Temple, was more studiously disposed, always came home with some fresh mark of his master's approbation, and read every book he could find.

There came a change in their behaviour to the girls as they grew older. Will ceased to set a dog to bark at them, and to crack a whip to frighten them, or ride unbroken colts in order to make them cry out for fear; and Harry ceased to tease and torment them with tricks and devices of mischief at which they were half pleased and half humiliated.

When the boys left school they were sent to Pembroke College, Cambridge, a college in which many generations of Levetts had been educated. After two terms, Will came home, looking cheerful but somewhat abashed. He had been rusticated *sine die*, as the phrase runs: which means that he was not to go back again until he had made such ample submission and apology, with promises of future amendment, as would satisfy the authorities as to the safety of allowing him back.

It was not known rightly what he had done; there was a story in which a retriever, a horse, a punch-bowl, a badger, a barge, a pump, and a water-trough were curiously mixed up, and his rustication had somehow to do with the introduction of a proctor (whom one understands to be a learned and reverend magistrate) and a bull-dog, into this inconsistent and discordant company.

Sir Robert looked grave when he received his son, my lady wept, and the girls were ashamed: but all speedily recovered their good spirits, and the whole stable rejoiced exceedingly to see Will back among them. Even the foxes and their cubs, Sir Robert said, which had of late waxed fat and lazy, manifested a lively pleasure, and hastened to get thin so as to afford the greatest sport possible; the trout practised all their tricks in readiness for one who respected a fish of subtlety; the pheasants and partridges made haste to grow strong on the wing; the snipe and small birds remembered why Nature had taught them to use a devious and uncertain flight; the rabbits left off running straight; the otters remembered the uncertainty of life and the glory of a gallant fight: the ferrets laughed, thinking of the merry days they were going to have; the hares, who never take any solid interest in being hunted, ran away to the neighbouring estates; and the badgers, who were going to be drawn in their holes, turned sulky.

This was what Sir Robert told the girls, who laughed, but believed that it was all true. As for Cambridge, there was no more thought of that. Will had enough of lectures, chapels, and dons: henceforth, he said, he should please himself.

"Man," said Sir Robert, "who is ever disappointed, must continually be resigned. What if Will hath refused to get learning? He will not, therefore, gamble away the estate, nor disgrace the name of Levett. Holdfast is a good dog. It is the fortune of this house that if, once in a while, its head prove a fool as regards books, he still sticks to his own."

Will promised to stick fast to his own, and though he gave himself up henceforth altogether to those pursuits which make a man coarse and deaden his sensibility (whereby he loses the best part of his life), and he promised, in his father's opinion, to prove a capable manager and just landlord, jealous of his own rights, and careful of those of others. Will thus remaining at home, the girls saw him every day, and though they had little talk with him, because it could not be expected that they should care to hear how the dogs behaved, and how many rats had been killed that morning, yet he was, in his rough way, thoughtful of them, and would bring them such trifles as pretty eggs, stuffed kingfishers, dressed moleskins, and so forth, which he got in his walks abroad. In the evening he would make his artificial flies, twist his lines, mend his landing-nets, polish his guns; being always full of business, and kindly taking no notice while Nancy or Kitty read aloud, nor seeming to care what they read, whether it was the poetry of Pope or some dear delightful romance; or the *Spectator*, or the plays of Shakespeare. All was one to him.

He seemed in those days a good-natured young man who went his own way and troubled himself not one whit about other people. Women were inferior creatures, of course; they could not shoot, hunt, fish, ride to hounds; they had no strength; they did not like to see things killed; they did not love sport; they did not drink wine; they did not take beer for breakfast; they did not smoke tobacco; they loved tea, chocolate, coffee, and such vanities; they loved to dress fine and stand up making bows to men, which they called dancing; they loved to read a lot of nonsense in rhymes, or to cry over the sorrows of people who never lived. Women, however, had their uses: they kept things in order, looked after the dinner, and took care of the babies.

Will did not say all these things at once; but they were collected together and written down by the girls, who kept a book between them, where they entered all the things they heard which struck their fancy. Nancy even went so far as to try to make up a story about the proctor and the pump, but never dared show it, except to her father, who pinched her ear and laughed. They called the page about the ways of women "Will's Wisdom," and continually added to it without his knowledge; because Will, like all men who love the sports of the field and not the wisdom of the printed page, became quickly angry if he were laughed at. The girls always pictured Esau, for instance, as a grave man, with a square chin, who talked a good deal about his own hunting, took no interest in the occupations of the women, and could never see a joke.

Two years or so after Will's rustication, Harry came of age, and left Cambridge without taking a degree. There were bonfires, and oxen roasted whole, and barrels of beer upon the green when he took possession of his own estate and went to live in his own house, which was three miles and a half from the Hall.

He came from Cambridge having no small reputation for learning and wit, being apt at the making of verses in English, Latin, and Italian. He was, moreover, skilled in mathematical science, and especially in astronomy; he had read history, and understood the course of politics. I think that from the beginning he aspired to be considered one of those who by birth and attainments are looked upon as the leaders of the world; he would be a scholar as well as a gentleman; he would be a poet, perhaps to be ranked with Pope or Dryden; he would be a man of fashion; and he would sit in ladies' salons, while other men sat over bottles of port, and talked gallantry. As for his appearance, he was tall and slight in figure; his face was long and rather thin; his eyes were grave; his manner was reserved; to the girls he was always courteous, asking their opinion, setting them right when they were wrong, lending them books, and directing them what to read. To Kitty he was a man to be respected, but never, she may truly say, did she allow her thoughts to dwell on the possibility of love; perhaps because love is between opposites, so that the grave may love the gay; perhaps because she knew very early that Lady Levett earnestly desired one thing—that Harry might fall in love with Nancy; and perhaps because to Nancy herself, little, merry Nancy, whose heart was full of sunshine as her eyes were full of sunlight, and her lips never moved but to say and sing something saucy, or to laugh and smile—to Nancy, I say, this man was an Apollo, and she wondered that all women, not to speak of men (whose stupidity in the matter of reverence for each other is well known) did not fall down before him and do him open worship.

A few months after Harry Temple came of age the vicar was taken ill with a putrid fever, caught while administering the last rites of the Church to a dying woman, and was carried off in a fortnight. This disaster not only robbed poor Kitty of the best of fathers, but also of the kindest patron and the most loving friend; for it took her away from the Hall, and drove her out, as will be presently seen, to meet dangers she had never imagined among a people whose wickedness after many years, and even to this day, makes her wonder at the long-suffering of the Lord.

CHAPTER II.

HOW KITTY MADE ENGAGEMENTS

THE day after the funeral, Sir Robert Levett himself walked to the Vicarage in the afternoon, and found the girl still in the garden, on her favourite seat. As soon as she looked into his kind face she burst into fresh tears.

"Cry on, pretty," he said, sitting beside her, and with a tear in his own eye. "Cry on; to cry is natural. Thou hast lost the best and most Christian father that ever girl had; therefore cry on till thou art tired. Let the tears fall. Don't mind me. Out handkerchief. So good a scholar shall we never see again. Cry on, if thou hast only just begun, should it only bring thee comfort. Nor ever shall we hear so good a preacher." When thou hast finished let me have my say. But do not hurry."

Even at the very saddest, when tears flow as unceasingly as the fountains in the Land of Canaan, the sight of an elderly gentleman sitting on a bench beneath a mulberry-tree, his hat beside him, his wig in his hands for coolness, his stick between his legs, and his face composed to a decent patience, waiting till one had finished, would be enough to make any girl stop crying. Kitty felt immediately inclined to laugh; dried her eyes, restrained her sobs, and pulled out her father's will, which she gave to Sir Robert to read.

He read it through twice, slowly, and then he hummed and coughed before he spoke:—

"A good man, Kitty, child. See that thou forget not his admonitions. I would he were here still to admonish us all. Sinners that we were, to heed his voice no better. And now he is gone—he is gone. Yet he was a younger man than I, by ten years and more, and I remain." Here he put on his wig and rose. "As for this money, child, let us lose no time in making that safe, lest some thief should rob thee of it. A hundred guineas! And twenty more with Farmer Goodpenny! And this money waiting at the publisher's! Verily thou art an heiress, indeed!"

The girl was so ignorant that she thought a hundred guineas a fortune, and herself to be esteemed rich.

* When, some months later, Kitty went to the publisher, that gentleman informed her that there was no money to receive, because he had been a loser by the publication of the books.

In the bedroom, at the head of the great bed, they found beneath the mattress a long narrow box secretly let into the panel close to the great cross-beam. I say secretly, but it was a secret known to all the world. Carpenters always made those secret hiding-places in beds, so that had there been a robber in the house he would have begun by searching in that place. Sir Robert knew where to find the spring, and quickly opened the box.

Within it lay two canvas bags, tied up. Could bags so little hold so great a sum? Sir Robert tossed them into his pockets as carelessly as if they were bags of cherries.

"Now, little maid," said he, sitting on the bed, "that money is safe; and be sure that I shall call on Farmer Goodpenny to-morrow. Let me know what is to be done about thy father's wish that thou shouldst go to London?"

"It is his injunction, sir," said Kitty, gravely. "I must obey his will."

"Yet thy father, child, did not know London. And to send a young girl like thyself, with a bag of guineas about thy neck, to ask in a coffee-house for the address of a clergyman is, methinks, a wild-goose sort of business. As for Dr. Shovel, I have heard thy name—to be sure, it cannot be the same man—" he stopped, as if he would not tell me what it was he had heard.

"It is my father's command," she repeated.

"Unless nothing better should be found. Now, London is a dangerous place, full of pitfalls and traps, especially for the young; and innocent. We are loth to lose thee, Kitty; we are afraid to let thee go. Nothing will do for Lady Levett but that thou remain with us and Nancy."

This was a generous offer, indeed. Kitty's eyes filled with tears, again, and while she stood trying to find words of gratitude, and to decline the offer so as not to appear churlish, madam herself came running up the stairs, in her garden-hat and pinner, and fell to kissing and crying over the girl.

Then she had to be told of the will and last commands.

"To be sure," she said, "thy father's commands must be respected and obeyed. Yet I know not whether it would not be well to disobey them. Kitty, my dear, stay with us and be my daughter, all the same as Nancy. I do not ask thee to enter my service, or to receive wages, or to do work for me any other than a daughter may."

Kitty shook her head again. She was truly grateful: there was no one so kind as her ladyship; but she must go to London as her father bade her.

"Why," cried Sir Robert, "the child is right. Let her go. But if she is unhappy with her friends, or if she is in any trouble, let her know where to look for help."

"There may be cousins," said madam, "who will find thee too pretty for their own faces, and would keep thee at home with the towels and dusters and napkins. I would not have our Kitty a Cinderella—though house-service is no disgrace to a gentlewoman. Or there may be manners and customs of the house that a young girl should disapprove. Or there may be harsh looks instead of kind words. If that is the case, Kitty, come back to us, who love thee well, and will receive thee with kisses and joy."

Then they left her in the house, alone with Deborah, the house-servant.

She was looking over her father's books, and taking out one or two which she thought she might keep in memory of him (as if anything were needed) when she heard steps, and Deborah's voice inviting some one to enter.

It was Harry Temple; he stood in the doorway, his hat in his hand, and under his arm a book.

"I was meditating in the fields," he said, "what I should say to Kitty Pleydell in consolation for her affliction. The learned Boethius—"

"Oh, Harry!" she cried, "do not talk to me of books. What can they say to comfort any one?"

He smiled. Harry's smile showed how much he pitied people not so learned as himself.

"The greatest men," he said, "have been comforted by books. Cicero, for instance. . . Nay, Kitty, I will not quote Cicero. I came to say that I am sorry indeed to learn that we should lose thee for a time."

"Alas!" she said, "I must go. It is my father's order."

"I am sure," he replied, "that you would not leave us for a lighter reason. You know our hearts, Kitty, and how we all love you."

"I know—" Kitty began to cry again. Everybody was so full of love and pity. "I know, Harry. And perhaps I shall never n—n—never see you again."

"And does that make this parting harder?" He turned very red, and laid his precious book of consolation on the table.

"Why, of course it does," she replied, wiping her eyes.

"You shall see us again," he went on earnestly. "You shall come back with me. Kitty, I will give you one twelvemonth of absence. You know I love you tenderly. But your father's commands must be obeyed. Therefore for a whole year I shall not seek you out. Then, when I come for you, will you return with me, never to go away again?"

"Oh!" she cried, clasping her hands, "how joyfully will I return!"

The young man took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"Divine maid!" he cried. "Fit to grace a coronet, or to make the home of a simple gentleman an Arcadia of pastoral pleasure."

"Do not mock me, Harry," she said, snatching away her hand, "with idle compliments. But forget not to come and carry me away."

"Alas!" he said; "how shall I exist—how bear this separation for twelve long months? Oh! divine Kitty! Thou wilt remain an ever-present idea in my heart."

"Harry," she burst out laughing in her tears, "think of the learned Boethius!"

So he left her.

In half an hour another visitor appeared.

This time it was Will. He was in his usual careless disorder; his scarlet coat a good deal stained, his waistcoat unbuttoned, his wig awry, his boots dusty, his neckerchief torn, his hands and cheeks browned by the sun. He carried a horsewhip, and was followed by half-a-dozen dogs, who came crowding into the room after him.

"So," he said, sitting down and leaning his chin upon his white stock, "thou must go, then?"

"What do you want with me, Will?" she asked, angry that he should show so little sympathy.

"Why," he replied, rubbing his chin with the stock, "not much, Kitty. Nancy will come to cry."

"Then you can go away, Will."

"I came to say, Kitty, that though you do be going to go" (Will easily dropped into country talk), "I shanna forget thee. There!"

"Thank you, Will."

"As for the matter of that, I love thee—ah! like I love old Rover here."

"Thank you again, Will."

"And so I've brought along a sixpence—here it is—and we'll break it together." Here he bent and broke the coin with his strong fingers. "My half goes into my pocket—so; and the other half in thine—there." He threw it on the table. "Well, that's done." He stood up, looked at me sorrowfully, and heaved a great sigh. "I doubt I've a' done wrong. Hadst been going to stay a' wou'den a' spoke yet awhile. Liberty is sweet—girls are skittish."

Well, we'll take a twelvemonth yet. There's no hurry. Plenty time before us. I shall have my liberty for that while. Mayhap I will fetch thee in the spring. Ay, May's the best month to leave the dogs and the birds, though the vermin will begin to swarm—rot 'em! Come, Rover. Good-bye, wench."

He gave a resounding kiss on the cheek, and turned away. The girl laughed. She did not pick up the broken sixpence, which, indeed, she hardly noticed, her mind being full of many things.

Presently Nancy came, and the two girls spent a miserable evening together, in great love and friendship.

Now, how could an ignorant country girl, who had never thought over these things at all, guess that she had engaged herself to be married, in one day, in one hour even, to two different men? Yet that was exactly what this foolish Kitty had actually done.

(To be continued.)

MR. TENNYSON'S NEW BOOK*

THE collection of some of those minor pieces by the Poet Laureate which have lately appeared in the pages of various magazines was, of course, inevitable; those of his admirers who do not feel called upon to eulogise everything he writes will be glad to learn that, besides such ephemeral productions, the present volume contains some poems which may claim to rank with the best of past years—more especially those conceived and executed in that idyllic vein in which Mr. Tennyson has heretofore shown himself without a rival. The two most important of the contents of this book are the semi-dramatic monologues in blank verse entitled respectively "Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham," and "Columbus;" these recall pleasantly the vein of such glorious poems as "Ulysses" or "Tithonus," and, if they do not quite attain the magnificent heights of declamation reached in those immortal fragments, are at least not unworthy to bear them fellowship. In the former the noble fugitive is supposed to be in hiding in the Welsh mountains, and musing on the religious convictions for which he was shortly to suffer; even those who cannot sympathise with the views expressed must recognise the force of such passages as that in which Cobham deprecates the alteration in Henry V. since the wild, half-regretted days of their intimacy. "Columbus" deals with the lonely, bed-ridden old age of the discoverer, when he kept the shameful chains by which an ungrateful country disgraced itself, and not its benefactor, as ornaments of his chamber; here also are some vigorous and telling lines. "The Sisters" is more in the vein of such pieces as "Audley Court," and not, perhaps, in the author's happiest mood. It is to the ballads and idylls that we must look for the crowning effort of this volume. "The Revenge," being already sufficiently familiar to all readers, may be passed; but words almost fail to express the beauty, in different styles, of "The Voyage of Maeldune" or "In the Children's Hospital." In the former, a version of a weird Irish legend, is a verse describing "The Silent Island" which recalls some of the author's happiest touches:—

And we came to the Silent Isle that we never had touched at before,
Where a silent ocean away broke on a silent shore,
And the brooks glitter'd on in the light without sound, and the long waterfalls
Poured in a thunderous plunge to the base of the mountain walls,
And the poplar and cypress unshaken by storm flourish'd up beyond sight,
And the pine shot aloft from the crag to an unbelievable height,
And high in the heaven above it there flicker'd a solitary lark,
And the cock couldn't crow, and the bull couldn't low, and the dog couldn't bark.

And round it went we, and through it, but never a murmur, a breath—
It was all of it fair as life, it was all of it quiet as death.

But for one line, this would be an almost perfect picture, and there are other descriptive passages which for imagination may compare with it. As for the nurse's tale of little Emmie's innocent prayer and its answer, Mr. Tennyson has never written anything with a truer ring of pathos; the colloquy between the sick children is simply perfect of its kind. About the best of the country idylls are "The Northern Cobbler" and "The Village Wife," as quaint pictures of homely Lincolnshire life as any the author has ever produced; the old woman's contempt for the Squire's learning, and for books in general, is thoroughly characteristic. "Rizpah," too—the mother's lament for her gibbeted son—is painfully touching, and so is "The First Quarrel"—there is tremendous force in the last words of the despairing wife,—

An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought of him out at sea,
An' I felt I had been to blame; he was always kind to me.
"Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it 'll all come right!"
An' the boat went down that night—the boat went down that night.

Of the translation of Homer and the minor pieces we do not propose to speak, beyond inquiring how such a line as "So rang the clear voice of Æakides" is meant to be scanned. "The Battle of Brunanburh" would have been more effective in true skaldic verse; but all these must be left to the reader's own judgment. The volume is welcome, and not unworthy, as a whole, of the author's fame.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY AND ROBERT HOOKE

Two hundred and twenty years ago (November 28th, 1660), there met at Gresham College, Bishopsgate, a small number of simple-minded, but earnest men, whose sole object was to add to the sum of human knowledge, and among whom "there was a strong persuasion that the whole world was full of secrets of high moment to the happiness of man, and that man had by his Maker been entrusted with the key, which, rightly used, would give access to them." At this meeting, after a lecture by the Professor of Geometry (Mr.—afterwards Sir Christopher—Wren), they resolved to form a scientific society, and bound themselves by a written obligation to assist in carrying out its objects, as well as to subscribe towards the performance of experiments and necessary expenses. One of these worthies—the Hon. Robert Boyle, who was himself the model of a Christian philosopher—says of those who were associated with him in founding the Society, that they were "Men of so capacious and searching spirits that the School philosophy is but the lowest region of their knowledge; and yet, though ambitious to lead the way to any generous design, of so humble and teachable a genius as they disdain not to be directed to the meanest, so he can plead reason for his opinion." Thirty-six years had passed since the death of Lord Bacon; and the formation of a Society for carrying out the New Philosophy proves that the truths enunciated by him in the *Novum Organum*, "that there must be experiment in place of argument and the interpretation of real nature to the neglect of previous authorities," had taken deep root in the minds of thoughtful men. The Society rapidly increased in number, and rumours of its purposes having reached the King (Charles II.), it attained Royal patronage, and in April, 1663, was incorporated by charter under the title of the Royal Society of London for Improving Natural Knowledge.

Old Gresham College has long passed away, and rows of streets occupy the ground where such celebrities as Wren, Boyle, Evelyn, Pepys, Halley, Flamsteed, Sloane, and Newton used to meet for grave discourse, and, with "childlike, credulous affection," beheld some of the first fruits of experimental philosophy; still, if we enter the ancient church of St. Helen, Bishopsgate, we seem to be drawn nearer to these men and their times, for here are buried Sir Thomas Balaam, the munificent founder of the College, and Robert Hooke,

the first Curator of Experiments to the Royal Society: a tomb marks the spot where Gresham was laid, but of Hooke's grave there is no trace. As he was a remarkable man in an age prolific of great ones, a short notice of his life and work may prove of interest, as showing the subjects to which the attention of the Royal Society was directed during the childhood of experimental science.

Robert Hooke was born at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, in 1635, and, like his great contemporary, Isaac Newton, in early life was very delicate. After his father's death, which took place in 1647, he came to London, and studied under Dr. Busby at Westminster School. His progress in learning was rapid, and a few years after he went to Mr. Goodman's, at Christchurch, Oxford, as chorister or servitor. It was while residing here that his intelligence and mechanical ingenuity attracted the attention of Wilkins, Wren, Ward, Boyle, and others who were in the habit of meeting at Wadham College. He assisted in the chemical researches of Dr. Willis, and is said to have largely aided Boyle in the construction of the first efficient air-pump. After the Restoration he came to London, and, on the incorporation of the Royal Society, he was named by the Council as one of the original Fellows, and appointed Curator of Experiments and Keeper of the Library. In the following year he was appointed Gresham Professor of Astronomy, and delivered a long series of astronomical lectures, in which he showed a wonderful fertility of invention in devising instruments for astronomical purposes, describing a weather clock, a quadrant, and erecting the first transit instrument. He also directed his attention to the improvement of instruments for time-keeping, and to him horological art is indebted for the application of the balance or pendulum spring to a watch, a machine for wheel-cutting, and the anchor escapement still in use for ordinary clocks. He also applied the pendulum as a standard of measure. His life at this time was a busy one; but, whatever the subject—whether it was the improvement of telescopes, microscopes, or barometers, the ponderation of air, the transfusion of blood, the structure of plants or of muscles, or theories as to the contagion of the plague, the keenly penetrative mind of Hooke was applied to it. The starting point of modern histology—according to Sir Joseph Hooker—dates from the account by him of the structure of cork, which had attracted his attention from the singularity of its physical properties. Hooke demonstrated its cellular structure; and, by a curious coincidence, he was one of the first to investigate—at the request of Charles II.—the movements of the sensitive plant *Mimosa pudica*. That he was willing to incur some peril in the pursuit of scientific truth is shown in the account given by Mr. Weld, in his "History of the Royal Society," of the experiments made with the diving-bell at Deptford, when the experimenters were so cautious as not to entrust themselves in it; but Hooke descended, and remained half-an-hour under water. The Great Fire of London interrupted the meetings of the Royal Society, but increased the work of Hooke. On their reassembling he brought before them a model for the rebuilding of the city, which was highly approved by the Civic authorities, and led to his appointment as City Surveyor. In this office he obtained wealth, which he never used. In 1674 he published "An Attempt to Prove the Motion of the Earth from Observation." Of this work it has been said that, "Had his mathematical powers equalled his practical sagacity, he might have obtained the laurel which Newton so soon afterwards bore away." To enumerate the variety and extent of Hooke's labours would occupy much space. Weld, at the conclusion of a brief notice of his life, remarks that—"His energy was truly astonishing; and although this fact is amply confirmed by his posthumous works, we must examine the journal and register books of the Society to become fully aware of the labours of this great philosopher, for there is hardly a page during many years in which his name does not appear in connection with new inventions and discoveries." He died at Gresham College, March 3, 1702. His neglected grave, affords another proof of the inequality with which posthumous honours are dealt out; but an opportunity is now offered by which a tribute of respect can be rendered to his memory. The founding of a Robert Hooke Scholarship in connection with the City and Trades Guild of Learning would perpetuate the name of a worthy citizen, an eminent philosopher, and marvellous mechanic.

THOMAS J. HUX.



HISTORY repeats itself; and Mr. Parnell and his friends are just now in much the same position as that occupied by O'Connell and the other traversers before the trial in 1843. The closeness of the parallel adds to the interest of Sir C. Gavan Duffy's "Young Ireland" (Cassell and Co.), of which nearly all the first volume is taken up with the Repeal Agitation; the special work of the young men who broke away from O'Connell being reserved for a second volume. The writer is one of the most remarkable of modern Irishmen. A journalist, joint editor of the *Nation* with Thomas Davis, he emigrated some years after the abortive rising of 1848, and soon rose to the front among Australian politicians, becoming Premier of Victoria, and proving in one more instance that Irishmen do well anywhere out of Ireland; the reason (he would say) being that under the Government to which Ireland has been subjected they never have had a fair chance at home. Sir C. Duffy's portrait of O'Connell deserves careful study. His lights and shadows are laid on with perfect impartiality. "The Big Beggarman," "the Paid Patriot," is shown to have done no more than Pitt and Fox had done, than Cobden and Bright were soon to do—accepted money help in order that he might be able to wholly devote himself to "the cause." "England believed him to be a sordid impostor, forgetting that he had refused the Mastership of the Rolls, offered him by Lord Melbourne; for it is a weakness of England to believe evil willingly of those whom she dislikes or fears." On the other hand the "Young Irelander" brings out with cruel clearness O'Connell's temporising, and the total change of front which followed the imprisonment, as well as the high-handed way in which "Big O" dealt with all his subordinates, preferring docile mediocrity to talent that insisted on thinking for itself. Still Sir Charles does full justice to his greatness, and to the littleness of the policy which opposed him. He regrets, indeed, the abandonment of the Clontarf meeting; contrasts O'Connell's reckless assertions that "in six months, if you don't violate the law, the Queen will open an Irish Parliament," with Smith O'Brien's strict probity; has a good laugh at the "national cap;" and thinks "there were solid grounds for believing that resistance would have been successful," given a leader who had some fight in him. The book is full of surprises. Thus Mr. Butt comes forward to denounce Repeal before a meeting of Irish peers, and to pooh-pooh as "poor rhymed dulness" the volume of national songs, of which Monckton Milnes had been stealthily ordering half-a-dozen copies. Thackeray is found contributing to the *Nation* a poem and a caricature when the contract for Irish mail coaches was given to a Scotchman, to the ruin of the Dublin coach-builders. Mr. Bright votes against the Maynooth Grant, which Peel, in prospect of war with America, was making haste to bestow. Mr. Gladstone gives up office that he may with a clearer conscience vote in favour of it. Sir Charles's hero plainly is not O'Connell but Davis, who, had things gone as "Young Ireland" wished, might

have been Ireland's Kossuth. Whatever may be thought of its views, there is no doubt of the great ability with which the *Nation* was conducted, or of the energy with which Davis worked to "put a soul into Ireland." Everybody will read Sir Charles's book; and those who see how warlike he was in 1843 will be glad that he believes the day of armed risings for ever gone by. Rifles and rifled cannon have made that impossible which before was more than doubtful.

"Echoes from the Counties" (Bradbury and Co.) is like Mr. Jefferies's books with a difference. "Audi Alteram Partem" takes a wider range, talking as knowingly about the Isle of Axholme and Norfolk "broads" as about Wessex. Hence some of his pictures lack the photographic exactness of Mr. Jefferies at his best; though Old Cole, the Suffolk parson's man, is as perfect as one of Denner's heads; and the sketches of the East Anglian "game of camp," and of the "will-led" superstition which there answers to the West Country "pixey-led," are as full of character as a Callot. The book has a more definite purpose than Mr. Jefferies's. He accepts progress as it goes; our author longs so to guide it that the peasant may receive culture, the chief means thereto being the allotment system and the abolition of Poor Rates, that wasteful aid in relief of insufficient wages. That farmers rent far too much land; that it would be a grand thing if every labourer owned his own cottage and the bit of ground round it; that rents ought to be elastic; and that if you could get a younger son to be yeoman on say 800 acres, and set up model cottages, model copes, model serfs, a model common hall, and model everything, you would come very near realising Utopia—all this we steadfastly believe. The book is well worth reading; and almost every page of it proves that the writer has, as he says, looked at the labourers' life from an inside point of view. Every landowner ought to study it; and the general reader will find it full of quiet humour and rare bits of local colouring.

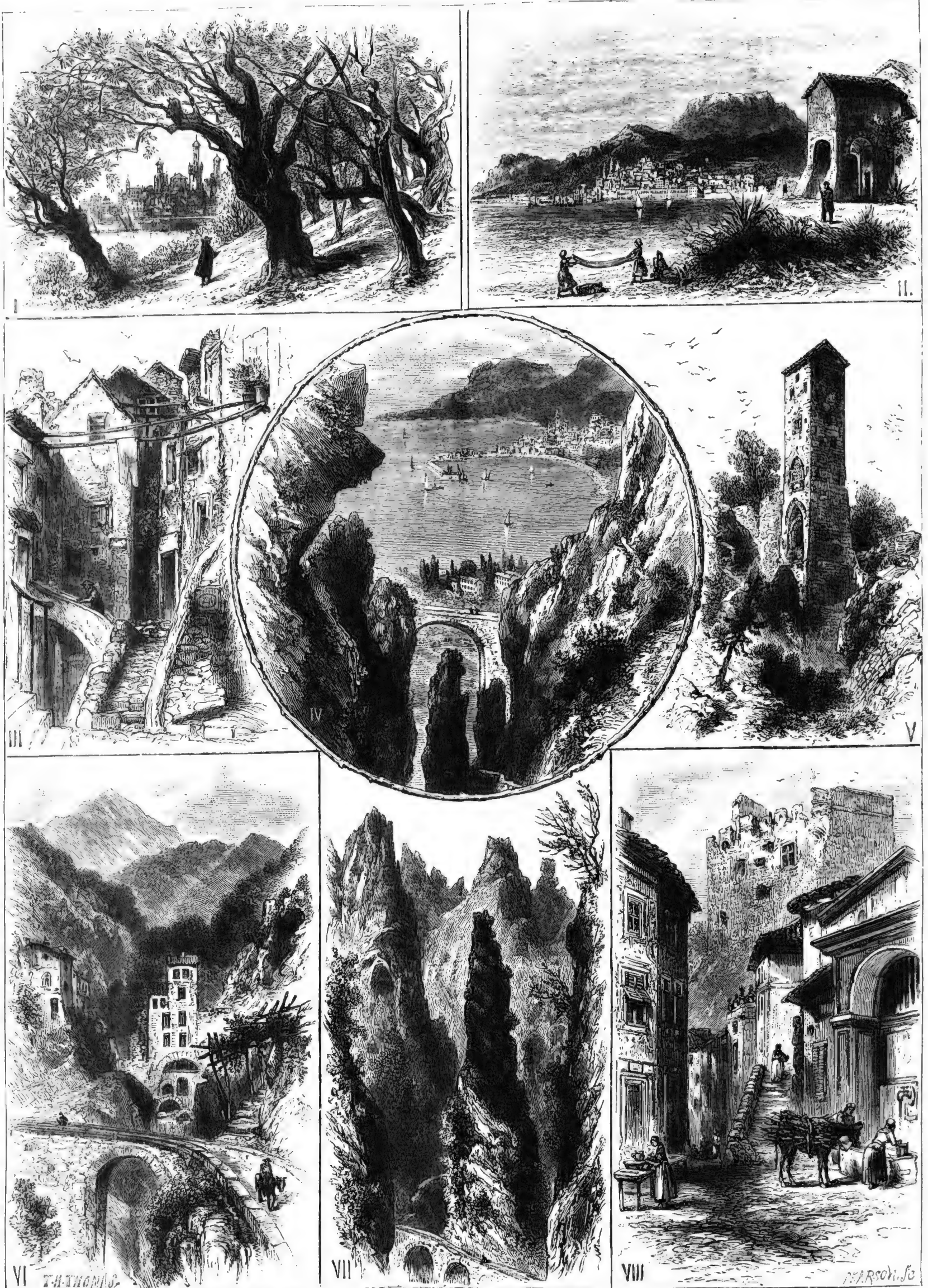
The spirited farmer, says the author of "Echoes," must go abroad unless he is allowed to invest and withdraw capital and skill as readily as he could in trade. But let him think twice before going to Brazil; the climate in most parts is enervating, the Brazilians jealous of foreigners, the Government restrictions oppressive. In Chili, on the other hand, from 4,000 to 16,000 acres may be had for 1,000 dollars or less; and if a man can't make a fortune by cattle-feeding on land at that rate he does not deserve to succeed. Chili has the drawback of enormous prices for almost everything but land—a pair of gloves, 10s., a shilling book never less than 3s. 6d., hair-cutting a dollar and a-half. Prices are kept up by the magnates, for Chili has hitherto been an aristocracy,—owes its relative prosperity (Signor Gallenga thinks) to this fact; though we fancy such huge *latifundia* must be a bane to the country. Moreover Chili is also afflicted with droughts; as also is the Plate region, which only wants some modern Semiramis to canalise its rivers and make a system of reservoirs in order to be the granary and cattle farm of the world. Indeed Signor Gallenga's "South America" (Chapman and Hall) makes us feel how little has been done from one end of the Continent to the other, and how much may be done when men shall give to subduing the earth a tithe of the energy which they now give to subduing one another. Signor Gallenga's notes of scenery are very striking; so are his sketches of city life. Peru, he thinks, ought to be the wealthiest of South American countries; but the war is ruining her; she has long ago spent her last dollar. Despite *pronunciamientos* Signor Gallenga does not despair of South America; he reminds us of the wars of the Italian Republics, of the religious wars, and the wars of French and Austrian dynasties, whereby modern European society was shaped. Workers, not fighters, are the great difficulty in South America. It would be strange if the yellow race was eventually to swamp all others in a continent where hard labour is eschewed alike by white, and red, and black men. Signor Gallenga's book, we need scarcely say, is suggestive, and full of information.

Mr. Edward Leathes takes us to Melbourne, where one night the Chinese of the neighbouring quarter peppered the iron roof of the theatre with crackers, causing a panic which happily the actors were able to appease; to New Zealand, where he found hollands so generally in use as to be called "the light wine of the country;" to Hawaii, where he had the honour of acting before King Kamehameha V., and about one of whose island beauties he tells a sad romance sadly to the discredit of a young English officer; to California, where he was startled at the costliness of female dress; and so round to New York, where the cynicism with which ladies' figure-improvers are displayed in store-windows astonished him no less than the criticism on a first-rate actress, that she had "a very strong English accent." Everywhere "An Actor Abroad" (Hurst and Blackett) is a thoroughly amusing companion.

Remembering "Half-Hours of Blind Man's Holiday," we gladly welcome Mr. W. W. Fenn's new work, "After Sundown" (Sampson Low and Co.).—These two handsome volumes contain a number of very pleasing tales and articles from various magazines, some sensational, some lively, some sober and instructive. In the first kind of stories he is specially successful; several of these tales are as thrilling as anything in "The Diary of Late Physician;" we would not advise any one to read "A Terrible Journey" the last thing before going to bed. More often, as in the story of the painter at Düsseldorf, the piled-up agony suddenly collapses, the horror is explained, and you leave off with a hearty laugh. Several of the scenes are laid in the borderland between sound mind and insanity; some of the plots turn on those occult sympathies which so puzzle the medical psychologist. Mr. Fenn, it should be remembered, found his career as a painter suddenly stopped by blindness, and there is a great deal of the artist in his style, and in the *pose* of his characters. The book contains Christmas tales enough for this season and for many more.

Among the many biographical series, "English Men of Letters" maintains its place; and "Locke" (Macmillan) is worthy of the series and of the subject. Mr. T. Fowler owes much to Lord King and to Mr. Fox-Bourne, of whom the latter has published so many new facts that Locke's busy life becomes quite interesting. Locke was an exception to the rule that great men owe most to their mothers; he died when he was quite young. His father seems to have influenced him deeply, and to have done much towards shaping his views on education. His book on that subject shows that from Westminster and Christ Church, from Dr. Busby and from Dr. John Owen, he learnt what to dislike. Of Locke in Holland, the climate of which (with its congenial society) suited him better than Montpellier, and at Oates, the seat of the Mashams, Mr. Fowler gives us pleasant glimpses; as he does also of Locke as a public man, trying to get a good appointment for Newton, contributing 500*l.* towards setting up the Bank of England, and, *mirabile dictu*, reporting on the best means of discouraging the Irish woollen manufacture and setting up linen instead. We hesitate to endorse Mr. Fowler's opinion that "Locke was perhaps the greatest of English philosophers." As every age has its poet, so also it has its reasoner with whom no other age can be so thoroughly in sympathy. Metaphysics has survived Locke, whose doctrine of "inherent faculties" implanted by God was only a makeshift. It is strange that one so ready with his *Deus ex machina* should have been as much railed at in England and welcomed by French atheists as if he had been an Agnostic. The *à priori* element, Locke's inherent faculties, is as much a fact of consciousness as the *à posteriori*; and Mr. Fowler thinks to explain their joint working by the talisman of Evolution. For us Locke's greatest title to respect is his tolerance in an intolerant age. Even he, however, would not tolerate atheists, "on whom promises, covenants, oaths, which are the bonds of society, can have no hold."

* Ballads, and Other Poems. By Alfred Tennyson. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co.



1. A Peep at Mentone from the Olive Gardens, Garavan.—2. Mentone from the Chapel of St. Louis.—3. Impasse Capo-danno, Old Mentone.—4. View through the Valley of St. Louis.—5. Feudal Tower, near Ventimiglia.—6. Olive Mills at Ciotti.—7. The Valley of St. Louis from the Pont St. Louis, Mentone.—8. Piazza Scala Santa and Castle, Roccabruna.

MENTONE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD



DECEMBER—SOFT SNOW : MISERY



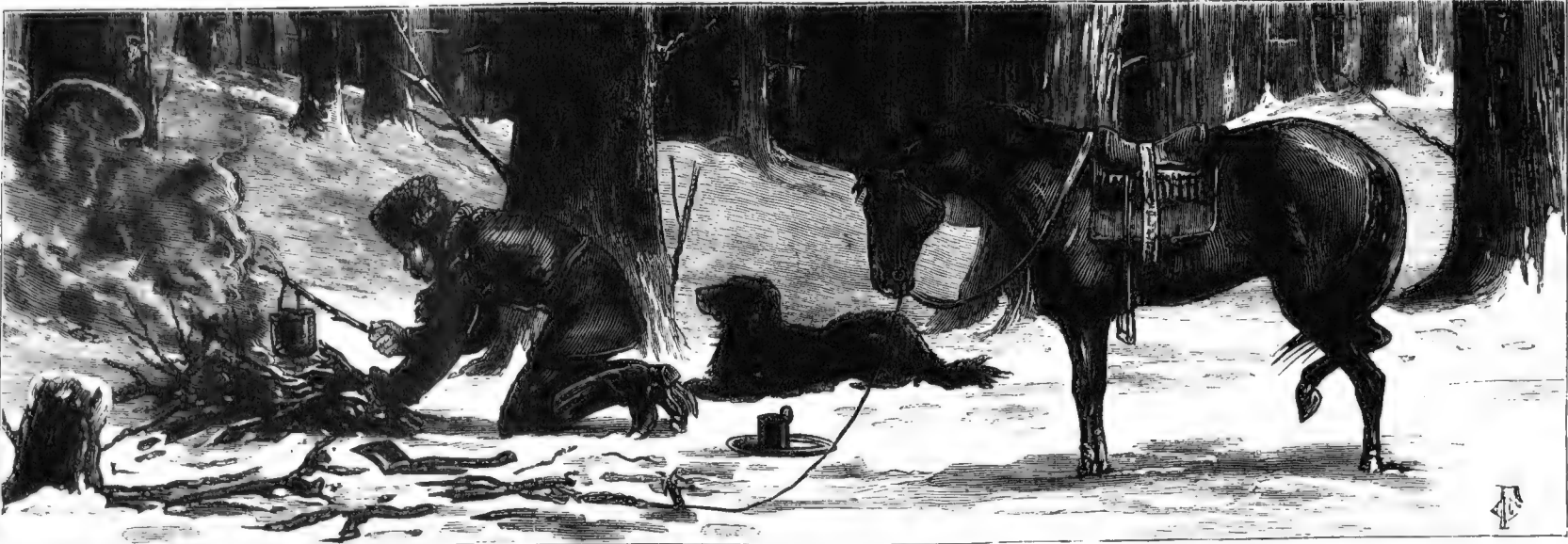
MARCH—ON THE CRUST : PLEASURE



40° BELOW ZERO—"IS MY NOSE FROZEN?"



"NOT IF HE KNOWS IT!"



TEN MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENT



40° BELOW ZERO—"AND HE'S LOST THE MATCHES!"



"THERE GOES MY DINNER!"



We take it for granted that our readers have already provided themselves with what may be styled everyday useful winter costumes for the house and the promenade, as this month they will be called upon for afternoon and evening dress toilettes whether in town or country. December causes a great demand upon the cheque-book, as the materials used at this season, excepting for balls and grand receptions, are much more costly than the muslins and batistes worn in summer. Two young friends of ours came to us the other day, with very long faces, for advice. "Father has accepted an invitation for us to spend two months at Mr. B.'s in Lancashire, the house will be full of company for Christmas, and the people are all very rich, which we are not; please help us to decide not only what we must have, but what we can do without."

After a due amount of coaxing we agreed to spend a fortnight with these motherless young girls, and to see them through their difficulty. By the way, they are quite unorthodox heroines, inasmuch as the blonde is tall and stately, whilst the brunette is *petite*, and supple as a gipsy. To distinguish the sisters one from the other we will call them Blanche and Violet. We at once decided that breakfast dresses would be a useless expense for Violet, who invariably rises early and goes for a walk before that meal. Blanche, on the contrary, never stirs out, unless obliged, before eleven. We first procured a series of well-cut patterns, and—name it not at *La Maison B.*—with the help of a young dressmaker and their maid, who is a clever, industrious girl, we made the entire *trousseaux*, with one exception, at home. Their underclothing, as every lady's should be at all times, was in perfect order; there was very little to be done in that department. A couple of wrappers apiece for the dressing-room were made; for Blanche of pale pink flannel, scalloped at the edge with white crevel, and simply buttoned down the front; a small turn-down collar, and cuffs of the same material; she had a pale blue wrapper, made in the same way, as were Violet's wrappers of scarlet flannel, scalloped with white and cream-coloured flannel, with a trimming of Indian cashmere. The flannel had been prepared beforehand, so that it would wash without shrinking or changing colour. The bedroom slippers were very pretty coloured wool. Blanche's two breakfast dresses were: The one of Bishop's crochet in the ermine pattern, to match the wrappers, in black and purple ribbed plush, made with Watteau pleat, round the skirt a shell-pattern quilling, lined with pale grey sateen, a gauged plastron of sateen from the throat to the hem, with purple cords laced across, and fastened at intervals with tassels, wide hanging sleeves of plush, under which are sateen tight-fitting sleeves gauged about two inches, then a space, all the way up, lace ruffles at the throat and wrist. The other was of mauve cashmere, very closely gauged from the saddle to the waist at the back, left loose in the front, and trimmed with three rows of quilled lace and bands of mauve satin, on which were embroidered wreaths of white jasmine and foliage in filoseille; the gauntlet cuffs and square saddle trimmed to match; a dainty little satin and lace cap was very becoming to her fair hair, which she wears in short natural curls in front and a coil at the back.

Violet's companion dresses to the above were made short enough to show her remarkably pretty feet. One was of pale biscuit colour camel's hair cloth, with a deep kilted flounce; the upper skirt was open in the front, the corners turned back and faced with claret-coloured plush; the bodice was turned back in the same way and faced with plush; a white Indian silk fluted habit-shirt.

The other costume was made of a new material, called silk seal-skin, which very much resembles its namesake, is equally warm, and much lighter, besides being one-fourth less costly. The skirt was of nut-brown cloth, trimmed with three scalloped bands of silk seal-skin. A coat of brown seal-skin cut out over the hips, with long lappels back and front, double breasted, trimmed with two rows of large silver filagree buttons; with which she wore a toque hat to match.

Both sisters had rifle green cloth costumes, handsomely braided, tailor made; the only part of their *trousseaux* not made at home. They had also black satin skirts, stylishly made, which could be worn short with a long black velvet jacket, trimmed with jet, which served as a background for a great variety of *fichus*, collarettes, &c., or with a demi-train fastened on, and a low square satin bodice, trimmed with old point lace—a family heirloom of which they are justly proud.

For dinner dresses Blanche had a self-coloured Indian silk, made very long and plain, the skirt put in flat pleats at the back and over the hips, and thinly gathered in the front; quite on the hips was an Indian silk scarf richly embroidered in flowers, twisted gracefully twice round, and tied at the side, the ends were trimmed with gold fringe. The corsage was laced with gold cord, over a muslin-gathered chemisette. Her second dress was of pale blue velvet, slashed and puffed with white satin, copied from an old Italian painting which she had seen somewhere during her travels abroad. Violet had a costume in the same style, only it was ruby-coloured velvet and pink satin; her second dress was cream-coloured cashmere and coral-coloured plush. They had each a couple of white muslin dresses, to be worn over white sateen slips, but one ball dress apiece, as at Christmastide informal parties are more general than full-dress balls. The ball dresses were of white satin, over which were tulle tunics, spotted with white sparkling beads, made with puffing, and edged with waved fringe; on the dress were five very narrow flounces; the one costume was looped up with water-lilies, the other with deep crimson chrysanthemums, the artificial flowers to be replaced by real when available.

Young people, whether married or single, almost without exception wear short dresses when they intend to dance, leaving the more graceful train for the wallflowers. Coloured casaquins, fitting closely over the hips, figure permitting, are much worn, made in a bright colour, in satin damasks, brocades, plush plain or figured, over white cashmere, Indian muslin, or silk, or Algerian with satin stripes. When the figure is not of the best the casaquin is cut out over the hips, and filled in with fluted satin or silk. As if fashionable attire were not costly enough, diamonds are now embroidered on Mechlin lace, where, as a contemporary observes, "they sparkle like stalactites pending from a network of frost." Lappets are embroidered thus for the hair, but so costly are the originals that imitations will soon be used, and the mode will then die out.

Far more reasonable is the rage for silver which, for day wear and demi-toilettes, is quite within moderate means. Necklets, bracelets, and brooches are made of coins—Roman, doubloons, or medallions; they are very effective on plush or velvet. Distant countries are searched for fancy collarettes; Oriental chased ornaments, Byzantine crosses, Genoese filagree, Spanish bells. By the way, talking of filagree ornaments, or rather, we should say, imitations thereof, the idea comes from Germany. Our contemporary, the *Queen*, gave recently full directions how to make very many pretty things in hand filagree. Our readers with dexterous fingers will find this very fascinating work for winter days or evenings. Silver watches of diminutive sizes are much worn, suspended to chatelaines. Remarkably pretty for a high velvet or satin dress are the Henry II. necklets, made of six rows of pearls, barred across at intervals with pearls. This necklet is also made in gold, silver, Venetian beads, or in jet.

One of the defects in short skirts is the manner in which they cling round the ankles. To remedy this defect a West End dressmaker has invented a petticoat which answers the purpose admirably. It is made with narrow steels at the back, over which are flounces up to the waist. Another has brought out a combined skirt and petticoat, by means of which the same band serves for the flannel and upper skirt, which is a great advantage when it is important to look as slender as possible.

The Musketeer gloves will be hailed with satisfaction by all who have suffered from the tedious process of fastening twelve buttons twice over. They are made long, but are only open at the wrist with two buttons; the upper part is round; and pliable enough to fit a thin or plump arm. Bracelets are often worn above the elbow, which looks well with short sleeves, but decidedly out of place over a long one.

Fancy dress balls and *tableaux vivants* will be quite as fashionable this winter, as they were last season.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

VI.

THAT numerous class of readers who prefer their information in a condensed form, and dislike bulky memoirs, will be gratified by the brief biographical sketches of divers poets included in Messrs. Blackie's series of "Men of Light and Leading," edited by Mr. A. J. Symington, and thickly interspersed with extracts from the respective writers' works. Considering how little the Irish are in favour just now it is as well to remember two sons of Erin whose memory arouses nothing but pleasure, "Samuel Lover" and "Thomas Moore," and Mr. Symington furnishes a most life-like portrait of the former, his intimate friend. Lover is generally remembered as the writer of popular ballads, but his talents as artist, novelist, and dramatist are here amply done justice to, while Mrs. Lover sanctions the production of several unpublished poems. The sketch of Moore is decidedly colder, and we grow rather weary of the jocular extracts from his diary, most of these being tolerably hackneyed. The sober American, "W. C. Bryant," seems somewhat out of place near jovial Lover and extravagant Moore, but it is as a poet solely that Mr. Symington treats him here, leaving the journalistic side of his career in the shade. Rather a gathering of other people's opinions on Bryant's works and character than a connected biography, this record yet conveys a fair estimate of the honourable octogenarian, who died in harness, and, unlike most of his countrymen, remained proof against the attractions of official power.

Biographies also are conspicuous amongst the pile of Messrs. Routledge's contributions. Mr. G. M. Towle deals well with a romantic historical episode in "The Conquests of Pizarro," and by his picturesque style of narration renders his true tale far more exciting than elaborate fictitious records of adventure. This little work will prepare the soil for the ampler details of Prescott, but in an historical story Mr. Towle should avoid such an error as calling the Emperor Charles V. the son of Ferdinand and Isabella.—Descending the scale of centuries, Mr. W. H. Davenport-Adams in "Eminent Soldiers" chronicles the martial deeds of heroes from the Thirty Years' War to the present day.—Wallenstein, Turenne, the Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington, Napoleon I., Generals Napier and Grant, and Count Moltke. As the author dwells exclusively on the military career of the leaders, there is little scope for characteristic details; but the curt memoirs are accurate, and fairly impartial.—And turning from the horrors of war to the piping times of peace, Mr. R. Mountney Jephson has concocted a most entertaining story out of the ordinary routine of garrison life. "With the Colours" merely describes the usual experiences of a subaltern on foreign service, founded on fact, without any wonderful exploits, yet it will heartily amuse by its natural and cheery tone.—Redskins, prairie fires, and wild beasts are plentiful in "Adventures in the Far West"—one of the poorest of the late W. H. G. Kingston's productions; and there is much better stuff in "Schoolboys All the World Over," adapted from the French by H. Frith, from which the "whining school-boy" may learn that even the lessons he thinks so hard are but play compared with the rough educational course of less civilised countries.

The Negro Insurrection of 1865 in Jamaica is skilfully utilised as the groundwork of "Meyrick's Promise," wherein Miss E. C. Phillips touchingly relates the trials of some English children driven from home and orphaned by the Rebellion, and brought up in native fashion by faithful black servants. Picturesquely framed in the tropical background, the details of negro life are fresh and original, showing the writer well at home with her subject, so that her taking story will delight young people.—Mrs. Molesworth is hardly up to her usual standard in "Hermie, the Story of a Little Girl." Hermie is an odd, unpleasant child, likely to put foolish ideas into the heads of small maidens.—Somewhat prim and stiff, "Aunt Mary," by Mrs. Perring, fails to sufficiently disguise the moral, and children would probably vote the beneficent and sensible aunt who reclaims her unruly relatives a decided bore.

Three gay volumes are intended for quite little children. Pleasant verses and pictures fill "Little Wideawake's Poetry Book," by Mrs. Sale Barker, and a capital first reading-book is provided by "Little Tiny's Book of Objects." Children will hardly appreciate the fun of "Little Buttercup's Picture Book," as many of the caricatures are out of date, and appeal to an older audience, while the large cuts are coarsely executed.—Admirable for juvenile parties are "Routledge's Singing Quadrilles and Lancers," with their merry illustrations and popular nursery tunes and rhymes. The Quadrilles, with Mrs. Staples' and Mr. A. C. Corbould's drawings, and Mr. Myles Foster's music appeared last year; and now some danceable Lancers by Messrs. A. Longmuir and L. Parker have been added.—The tasteful "get-up" of "The Fortune-Telling Birthday Book," by C. A. M. Burdett, may perhaps atone for the poor choice of poetic extracts.

It seems a pity to spoil the pleasure of a conjurer's audience by unveiling the mysteries behind the scenes, yet most people will like to find out the tricks of many a well-known stage illusion, as described in Robert Houdin's "The Secrets of Stage Conjuring." Professor Hoffman, some time since, translated M. Houdin's "The Secrets of Conjuring and Magic," and he has now adapted the present treatise, adding notes, and rendering the volume, with its explanatory diagrams, a useful gift for lads wishful to act the wizard. For more serious experiments, however, what can be a better boy's book than "Pepper's Playbook of Science," now thoroughly revised and brought up to date by Mr. T. C. Hepworth, who, as one of Professor Pepper's successors at the Polytechnic, is ably qualified for the task? Mr. Hepworth is most careful to include the newest discoveries and inventions, such as the latest forms of magic lanterns, Cowper's writing telegraph, the last edition of Edison's lamp, the loud-speaking telephone, the dry-plate photographic process, &c. Teeming with cuts and diagrams—some old friends and many new—the "Playbook" may be commended to all on the search for an acceptable gift. Nor is the choice for boys limited to scientific studies. Here is a fresh edition of "The Boy's Modern Playmate" (Warne), compiled by the Rev. J. G. Wood, wherein lads are provided with instruction and advice respecting in-door and out-door amusements of all kinds, not forgetting the care of pets, hints on chemistry, and the like. Meteorology, however, might have been treated more at length.

Too many cooks are universally condemned, but there can scarcely be too many cookery-books, so housekeepers young and old will welcome the new edition—the fiftieth—of Mrs. Jewry's "Warne's Model Cookery" (Warne). Nearly three thousand receipts are here furnished, many for the first time, while the hints on household matters enhance the value of this compendium of dainty dishes.

"What the Blackbird Said," by Mrs. Frederick Locker (G. Routledge and Sons).—In former volumes Mrs. Locker has shown that she possesses the art of arousing the interest of young persons, and the book before us is so simple and unaffected, and tells so much about birds and flowers in an easy natural way, that little boys and girls will read it (or get it read to them) with avidity. The story embraces a year of a Blackbird's life, how he got over the hardships of the winter, how he married, built a house, and brought up two young families, with further accounts of his bird friends, the Robin and the Rook, and his human friends, little Willie and Alice. The book is thoroughly wholesome and delightful. The four illustrations are from the popular pencil of Mr. Randolph Caldecott.

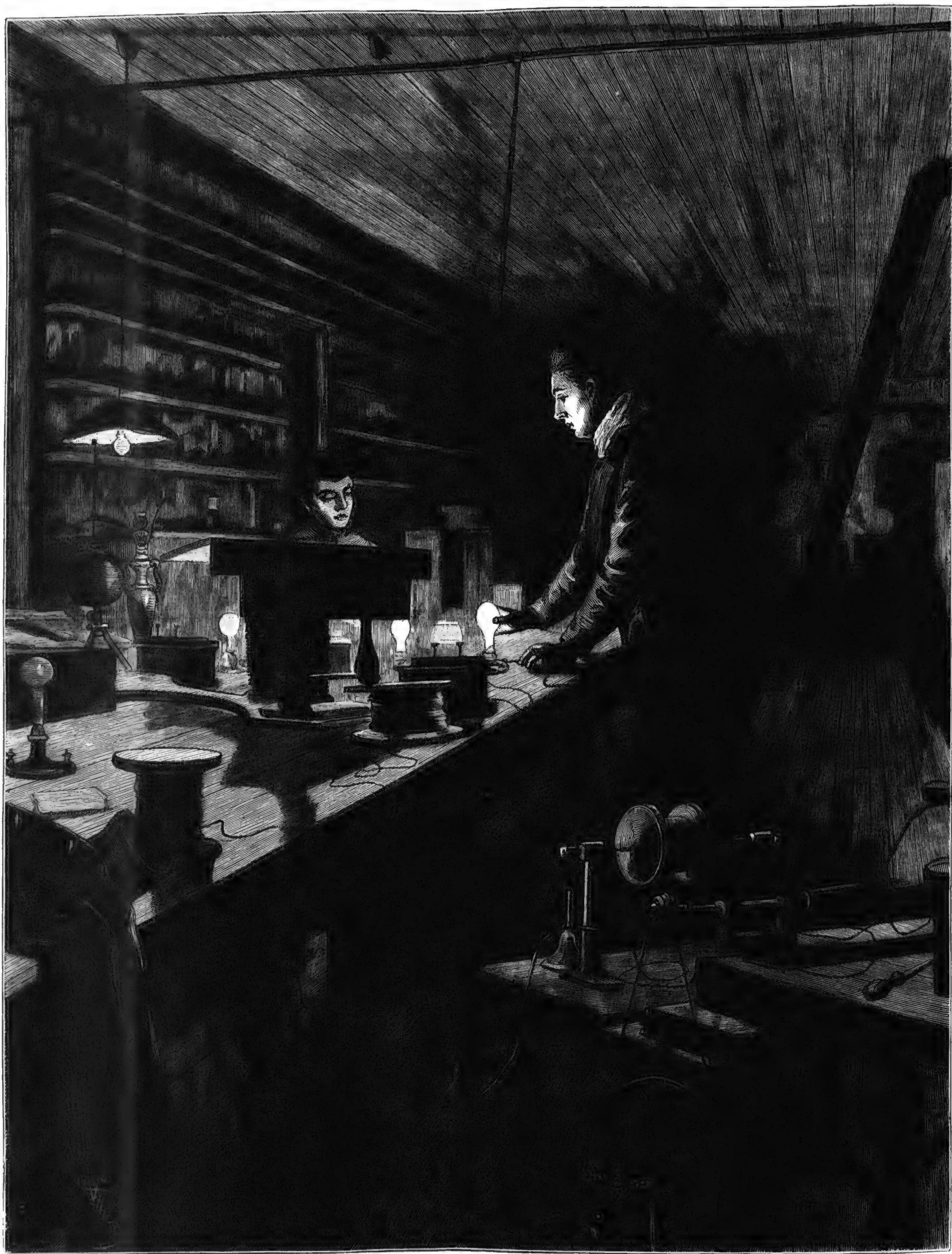


MR. D. CHRISTIE MURRAY'S "A Life's Atonement" (3 vols., Griffith and Farran) is, if we mistake not, the first complete novel from the hands of one who has been long known to readers of magazines as an unusually accomplished teller of stories. But it is a great deal more than the mature result of literary experience and ability. We have these to the full, but we have better things than these, good as they are. In many important respects, Mr. Murray's admirable and powerful novel is a return to an older and stronger school of fiction than any to which we have been accustomed of late years. He has first of all recognised the old law that a novel must, above all things, be an interesting story, whatever else it may be, while the knowledge of many unfamiliar aspects of common life, obviously obtained from close, original, and sympathetic observation, has enabled him to find fresh and striking materials for throwing new interest upon lives that are being led round us and among us all every day. "Bolter's Rents" is not a pleasant atmosphere, but it is a side of London about which too much cannot be known. In the second place, he has not introduced a single character that is not at the same time both interesting and striking in itself and necessary to the development of the story. The novel abounds in sharp contrasts, and in strong and dramatic situations, and the author is no less happy in describing the thoughts and feelings of a child than in dealing with the grimmest of our grown-up realities. There is not a line of false or overdrawn sentiment from beginning to end, and the book is altogether one to be read and remembered. Its faults are singularly few, the principal being a rather too free use of coincidences, which ought in all forms of fiction to be very sparingly used. No doubt, however, an original observer like Mr. Murray has not failed to notice how common they are in real life, and has been less afraid of them than a more conventional novelist would have been.

Mr. E. H. Dering's "Freville Chace" (2 vols., Burns and Oates) is extraordinarily extensive in scope as well as in size. As to the latter point, it fills just short of 1,000 unusually full and close pages. As to its scope, it is a sort of manual of Roman Catholic theology, a protest against mixed marriages, a picture of the ideally romantic religious life, and an elaborate melodrama with a plot so complicated as well-nigh to defy ordinary comprehension. It is exceedingly strange to read arguments on Transubstantiation or the Immaculate Conception broken up with the doings of mysterious Italian marquises, with the adventures of supposed lunatics and of children most inextricably changed at nurse, with accounts of secret chambers and oracular prophetic rhymes, and all such matters as these may be taken to typify. But, taking the book for exactly what it is, and not for what it is not, a great deal must be said in its favour. The Protestant characters are very much too easy and willing to be convinced, and Mr. Dering should be reminded that many very able men have found even the Anglican Church not wholly inconsistent with reason; but, apart from this, we have rarely, in a theological novel, seen controversy conducted so fairly, candidly, and generously, or with such unflinching good temper. The religious novel is seldom, as a rule, distinguished by the good taste and manliness of thought and style which Mr. Dering maintains generally. He also writes and thinks like a scholar—which cannot often be said of novelists of any school. On the whole he comes out better as a controversialist than as a storyteller. His plot is not without merit, but it too much resembles the kind of pudding which used to be known as "Hide and Seek"—it is a long and weary task to find the plums. Some of his strictures on converts are amusing and not uninteresting.

If the right object of writing a novel be to display the cleverness of its author, then "Mehalah: a Story of the Salt Marshes" (2 vols., Smith, Elder, and Co.), has succeeded to admiration. But if its purpose be to give some little pleasure or profit to those who read it, the failure is absolute. Anything in the shape of a story more consistently hideous than that of "Mehalah" is scarcely to be found. Of course this implies an unusual degree of real power, and not merely the seeming strength which comes when a writer, with almost any degree of imagination, even the smallest, indulges himself in a lawless nightmare. The story is simple—it is the passion of a dangerous lunatic for an unhappy girl whom he tries to win, and actually succeeds in half winning, by robbing her of her money, stealing her sheep, burning down her house, depriving her of her good name, and finally by stunning her with a blow, fastening her senseless body to him with a chain, taking her out in a boat, and letting in the water so that they drown in company. We have more rightly called Elijah Rebow a dangerous madman: but the author simply means him to represent a man of invincible will. It must be owned that Mehalah herself is no unworthy match for him. She thinks nothing of tossing a girl who has vexed her into the sea, and, in a struggle with her lover, blinds him with vitriol. Among the characters is a professed lunatic, whom his brother, the hero, keeps like a wild beast in a filthy vault, so that altogether the reader may, if he pleases, sup full of horrors. Where the anonymous author's real strength shows itself is when he deals with the atmosphere of sea and shore on that part of the coast of Essex where, nearly a hundred years ago, he has laid the scene of his nightmare. The strangeness of the marsh country, with its stranger population of amphibious hybrids, is reproduced in a vivid picture, for the sake of which it is almost worth while to make the acquaintance of Elijah Rebow. There are passages of description, and there are sketches of character also, of which any living author might be proud, nor can we think that the anonymous title page can possibly conceal an unpractised or unknown hand. Strength, too, is shown in minute fidelity to accuracy of detail, even where the most insignificant matters are concerned. Nevertheless, owing to its extravagantly morbid psychology, we have seldom read any novel with less pleasure than "Mehalah."

"Andrew Harvey's Wife," by L. T. Meade (1 vol., W. Isbister), is an innocent and harmless little story, well adapted for young people whose tastes are of a kindred nature. It is written in a moral and religious vein, and shows, with the help of some fairly good illustrations, how goodness is a good thing and badness a bad one. Its literary merit is considerable, while neither merits nor defects are sufficiently pronounced to call for special mention.



THE ELECTRIC LIGHT—MR. EDISON IN HIS LABORATORY: A SKETCH FROM LIFE



BANQUET TO MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS AT THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The Dulcigno Question is at last definitely settled. Once Dervish Pasha had obtained possession of the town the negotiations between the Montenegrin and the Turkish delegates were speedily concluded; on the evening of the 26th inst. the Montenegrins entered into possession of their new territories. No disturbance whatever occurred; the Mazura heights, which lay on the line of march, and commanded the whole country, were first occupied, and a small detachment was sent forward, to whom the town was handed over by Dervish Pasha. On Saturday the Montenegrin commander, Bojo Petrovics, entered Dulcigno in state, and was met at the gates by all the head men of the villages and other influential Mussulmans tendering their allegiance. A Thanksgiving Service was performed, and at noon the Montenegrin standard was hoisted on the citadel amid a Royal salute. That all passed so quietly is probably due to the severe lesson administered to the Albanians, who are said to have lost 400 killed and wounded during the fighting which preceded Dervish Pasha's entrance into Dulcigno, as well as to Dervish Pasha's proclamation. In this he urged the Dulcignotes to submit to the cession in very decided language, threatening severe punishment in the event of any resistance, and this threat, it was well known, he would not fail to fulfil. The Montenegrins, having taken possession of the country, are now striving to conciliate the inhabitants, who have been promised liberty of worship, an amnesty for past resistance, and security of tenure of property. In consequence 200 families who had emigrated are said to have returned. Dervish Pasha has returned with his troops to Scutari, and has been thanked by Prince Nicholas for the peaceful manner in which the surrender was effected—thanks well merited, as this is the second time that the same officer has performed a similar duty with tact and judgment.

The Dulcigno difficulty having been duly solved, the Greek problem comes to the front, and with it the question of the dispersal of the International Squadron. France, Germany, and Austria are manifestly anxious to withdraw their ships; but it is stated that the English and Russian, and possibly the Italian Cabinets would like to keep up the Naval Concert until the Porte has fulfilled the remaining obligations of the Berlin Treaty. Indeed, Lord Granville is said to have suggested that the Fleet should remain together after leaving Cattaro, and proceed to some station to be mutually agreed upon—there to await further orders. That the three first-named Powers will consent to this is thought to be in no way likely, and the dispersal of the Squadron is daily expected. Meanwhile the fleet still remains in the Bay of Cattaro. The Porte is recognising the imminence of the Greek question, and Cabinet Councils have been held to discuss the best method of coming to direct negotiations with the Greek Government, and overtures to this effect have been made by the Turkish Minister at Athens. The Greeks, however, are said to be still in an aggressively hostile temper, and both the representations of the French and German Ambassadors have been politely but coldly received, and even the King is stated to have returned a firm refusal to the Count de Mouy's urgent appeal for disarmament. The Turks, while they announce their willingness to negotiate, declare that they will resist to the utmost any forcible invasion in Thessaly or Epirus.

At CONSTANTINOPLE the Ambassadors have congratulated the Porte on the peaceful surrender of Dulcigno, and there has been considerable discussion regarding the announcement that Mr. Goschen's mission was not at an end, but that he would return to his post after a short absence in England. This is thought to evince England's determination not to abandon the policy of insisting upon the complete execution of the Berlin Treaty. In BULGARIA, also, the British Cabinet is said to have addressed a strong remonstrance to Prince Alexander's Government respecting the unfulfilled obligations of the Berlin Treaty—more particularly the delay in dismantling the Balkan fortresses.—In ROUMANIA the Prince has opened his Chambers with an unusually long address, in which he congratulated his hearers that, "after so many centuries of trials and conflicts, Independent Roumania has taken the place due to her among the States of Europe, and she is recognised by all the Powers." After alluding to the vexed question of the Danube navigation which is now being discussed by the European Commission, to the improved state of Roumanian finances, and to the increase in the army, he announced various internal measures, of which the most important is a law affecting the succession,—for Prince Charles has no children.

FRANCE.—Foreign affairs have formed the chief bone of contention this week, and on Tuesday the Government was vigorously assailed in the Senate for taking part in the recent European Concert for the coercion of Turkey. The attack was opened by M. Gontaut Biron, who warmly condemned the abandonment of the peaceful policy of M. Thiers, which had enabled France to retrieve her position in Europe. M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire took up the gauntlet, and declared that France could not possibly have refused to attend the Berlin Congress, while in taking part in the Naval Demonstration "she had served the cause of peace." As for Greece, all Europe had impressed upon her the necessity for prudence, and it was hoped that she would leave her cause in the hands of Europe. The Duc de Broglie then delivered the most important speech of the debate, not so much from his condemnation of the Ministerial policy, during which he declared that France could not afford the luxury of fighting for ideas, having suffered too much already for the cause of others, but from his allusion to M. Gambetta as the Ministerial wire-puller. While declaring his wish to repose confidence in the Cabinet, he declared that "if there was another Government behind—he would not say an occult Government, because it did not conceal itself—a Minister above the Ministers, who only unbosomed himself at commercial travellers' banquets, why then no confidence was possible." There has been no other Parliamentary incident of note, save that the Chamber will be prorogued on the 20th inst. until Jan. 11, 1881. M. Baudry d'Asson has written to M. Gambetta, asking his sanction to institute a prosecution against himself and the Questors for forcibly expelling him from the Chamber.

General de Cissey has gained his action for libel against MM. Laisant and Rochefort, who have been each fined 480*l.*, but, much to the surprise of every one, were not sentenced to any term of imprisonment. Neither of the defendants produced any witnesses in justification of their statements, and the ex-Minister of War thus stands completely rehabilitated from those gross charges which the Radical papers have so recently heaped upon him, though at the same time the judgment admitted that the General was seriously in the wrong when he used his authority to interfere between Colonel and Madame Jung. MM. Laisant and Rochefort have received warm sympathy from the Radical press, and a subscription to raise the amount of the fines was at first started, but was ultimately abandoned, as it is contrary to law to appeal to the public to pay a judicial penalty. M. Rochefort was the hero of a great ovation on Sunday at a meeting which he attended. Cries of "Vive la Révolution!" and "Vive Rochefort!" were raised, to which the ex-editor of the *Lanterne* replied by declaring, "Never, citizens, shall I believe myself condemned so long as I am acquitted by you. . . I have my hands full of proofs, and if my witnesses are now prevented from giving their evidence at the bar of the tribunal, they will one day tear the veil asunder

and unmask the abuses."—Another Communist demonstration was attempted on Sunday, when a number of "Revolutionists" went to lay a wreath on the tomb of Ferré, the Communist leader. They were, however, for some reason or other arrested, and temporarily imprisoned. The Communists are now agitating for a monument to the leaders of the 1871 insurrection in one of the Paris squares!—To turn from Radicals to the Clericals, the latter also held a demonstration on Sunday—a grand service in commemoration of the anniversary of the death of Père Lacordaire, the founder of the Dominican Order, being held in the Church of St. Augustin. The church was crowded, and at the close of the service a scene of wild disorder took place outside, caused, it is said, by the police having arrested some people who raised the cry of "Vive la Liberté!" And yet we have a dim recollection that the national motto of the present Republic is *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*.

ITALY.—A long Parliamentary debate on the foreign and internal policy of the Government has been occupying public attention for the past week, and on Tuesday Signor Cairoli and his Government obtained a vote of confidence by 221 against 188 votes, on an order of the day declaring that the Chamber had heard the Ministerial declarations, and was desirous of deciding upon the important reforms demanded by the necessities and wishes of the country.

A terrible collision occurred last week at Spezzia: a French steamer, *Oncle Joseph*, was run into and sunk by the Florio Company's steamer *Ortigia*, and out of 300 persons on board, all but fifty-eight perished.

RUSSIA.—The Czar left Livadia for St. Petersburg on Tuesday morning. The Government felt great apprehensions for his safety, as the Nihilists have been most profuse in their threats of late. The Czar will as usual take part in the annual Festival of St. George.—General Skobelev does not appear to be so successful in Central Asia as had been hoped. We hear of continual movements, but of no victories, while the Tekkes are said to have captured another convoy, and to be confident of their ultimate success.—The difficulty with China is by no means settled, and the Russian squadron is to move into winter quarters at Nagasaki or Yokohama.

The Russian Government still continues to devote great attention to the military organisation of the country, and, with a view of rendering a German or Austrian invasion more difficult, have decided to convert the narrow gauge railway lines on the left bank of the Vistula into broad gauge, so that should there be any reverse of Russian arms on the frontier, the whole of the rolling stock could be withdrawn into the interior, and the roads would be useless to the narrow-gauge locomotives of the Teutons. Amongst other additions to Russian armaments a heliograph has been bought in London, with which, we are told, "successful experiments have been made." We shall probably hear next that they have been able to hear sounds through a telephone.

AUSTRIA has been celebrating the centenary of the "Friend of Mankind," the Emperor Joseph II. The festivities have assumed somewhat a party hue, as Joseph the Good was essentially a German of Germans; but they have been joined in by all classes with the utmost spirit, for the son of Maria Theresa—albeit more of an idealist than a practical man, and moreover a sovereign who was continually falling into most dangerous errors—always remained the idol of the humble classes, who are continually reminded of him by the existence of the useful and charitable institutions which he established.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—The news from Cabul is officially stated to be satisfactory, and there is little news from Candahar, save that the commissariat is in difficulties, and that prices are now higher than they have been since our occupation. The Ameer's mother and wives have left for Cabul. At Herat there is said to be considerable dissatisfaction with Ayoub Khan, who is levying forced contributions on all sides in order to organise another expedition against the British. The Wali of Candahar has requested and obtained permission to leave the town, and reside in India.

The Viceroy is continuing his tour. He has been to Bombay, and is expected back at Calcutta on Monday.—Some rain has fallen in the North-Western Provinces, and the prospects of the harvest have considerably improved. More rain, however, is wanted.—The latest news of the outbreak in Gilgit is stated to be "reassuring." Major Biddulph is safe, and the Maharajah of Cashmere is still pushing forward reinforcements.

UNITED STATES.—The new Emigration Treaty with China secures to the United States the control and regulation of the introduction of Chinese labourers according to United States laws. In the mean time, the Chinese Consul at Denver has been investigating the damage done at Denver during the recent wreck of the Chinese quarter, with a view of demanding compensation from the United States Government.—A riot has occurred near Leadville, where Mr. Robinson, the Lieutenant Governor elect, was shot while attempting to enter a mine, the possession of which was disputed.

The loan contracted for finishing the Northern Pacific Railway will soon be placed in the market. It is the heaviest bond transaction ever made in the United States, being for 8,000,000*l.* for forty years, at 6 per cent.—General Garfield is now calculated to have had a majority of 3,401 in the popular vote in the Presidential election.—The performance of the Passion Play at Booth's Theatre, New York, has been abandoned by the manager, Mr. Henry Abbey, owing to the pressure of public opinion.—Branches of the Irish Land League are now being established throughout the Union, and the Parnell Land League in New York has issued an appeal for subscriptions.

SOUTH AFRICA.—There is little further news from Basutoland, and that little is unsatisfactory, consisting mainly of a telegram to the Colonial Office stating that Captain Barker and fourteen natives had been killed in a skirmish, that the operations were much impeded by rain, and that the action of the Pondoos was still uncertain.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Jubilee of the Polish Insurrection against Russia has been celebrated with considerable enthusiasm in both German and Austrian POLAND, unchecked by the authorities.—In SPAIN the Duke of Parma, brother-in-law to Don Carlos, has been requested to leave the country.—In GERMANY great satisfaction has been universally expressed with Lord Granville's recent speech on Foreign Affairs. A census of the whole Empire was taken on Wednesday.—From the WEST INDIES we hear of great distress in Jamaica through the recent disastrous hurricane. Much disturbance prevails, whole families are stated to be absolutely in want of food, several deaths have occurred through want, malignant fever has broken out, and if relief be not afforded, the deaths from starvation and fever must increase in a most alarming manner.—From SOUTH AMERICA it is stated that the recent failure of peace negotiations resulted from the demand by Chili of a large cession of territory, which was refused by Peru.—In the SOLOMON ISLANDS Lieut. Bower, of H.M.S. *Sandfly*, and five of his crew, have been murdered by the natives while on a surveying expedition on the east coast of Florida. The outrage is said to have been unprovoked, and was promptly avenged by Sub-Lieutenant Bradford, who landed, recovered the bodies of his comrades, and destroyed the village with the loss of one man. H.M.S. *Emerald* was to be despatched from Adelaide to the spot.—From AUSTRALIA the chief news is that Melbourne is full of visitors to her Exhibition, and that the Victorian Budget shows a deficit of 322,000*l.*, owing chiefly to a falling off in the Customs' receipts. The Melbourne Exhibition is now fairly in working order. Although foreign countries are admirably represented, the most interesting feature of the Exhibition is the Victorian Court, which, strikingly illustrates the marvellous progress of the colony.



THE Queen has received a number of visitors since her return to Windsor. Sir F. Roberts arrived on a visit at the end of last week, and was invested by Her Majesty with the Order of the Bath; the new Governor of Madras, Mr. Adam, was also presented; Lord and Lady Dufferin dined with the Queen; and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh with their children arrived to spend a few days. On Saturday Her Majesty held a Council, at which Earls Spencer and Sydney and Messrs. Gladstone and Forster were present, while subsequently the Queen gave audiences to the Ministers. A concert was given in the Castle in the evening, when the members of the Albert Amateur Orchestral Society, and amongst them the Duke of Edinburgh, played before the Queen, the Royal Family,—including Prince and Princess Christian and their nieces, who had dined with Her Majesty,—and numerous guests, in the Waterloo Gallery, the Duke afterwards presenting Mr. Mount, the conductor, to Her Majesty. Next morning the Queen, with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Beatrice, attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Rev. T. J. Rowsell preached, and in the afternoon the Duke of Edinburgh went to the service at St. George's Chapel. The Dean of Westminster, and the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Wellesley joined the Royal party at dinner. On Monday the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and their children left Windsor, while the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove to Claremont, now Prince Leopold's residence, and lunched with the Prince and the Princess Louise, who is staying with her brother. On Tuesday Her Majesty knighted the Duke of Bedford and invested him with the Order of the Garter, knighted and invested with the Order of the Bath Mr. Edward James Reed, Mr. Henry Brougham Loch, and Mr. Charles John Herries, and knighted Mr. Rupert Kettle, Mr. Justice Watkin Williams, and Lieut.-Colonel Gustavus Hume. Her Majesty subsequently decorated Lieutenant Scott, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, for bravery in the attack on Morosi's Mountain, South Africa, on which occasion he received ten or eleven wounds and lost his right arm. Her Majesty will leave Windsor for Osborne on the 17th inst.—The Queen and the Princess Beatrice have inspected the model of the Memorial to Prince Louis Napoleon, which will be erected in St. George's, Windsor. The monument includes a recumbent effigy of the Prince, and will be placed on the south side at the rear of the stalls of the Knights of the Garter.

The Prince and Princess of Wales concluded their visit to Lord and Lady Hastings at the end of last week, when the Prince spent a night in town, so as to be present at the dinner given to Sir F. Roberts by the United Service Club. He rejoined the Princess at Sandringham on Saturday, and in the afternoon Earl and Countess Lytton, the Duke of Sutherland, Sir Bartle and Lady Frere, and Sir F. Roberts, arrived on a visit. Next morning the Prince and Princess, with their daughters and guests, attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where Canon Duckworth preached. On Monday Lord and Lady Lytton left, but on Tuesday the Duke of Cambridge and the Marquis of Hartington arrived. Wednesday was the Princess of Wales' thirty-sixth birthday, which was kept with the usual honours, the wives and children of the labourers and cottagers on the Royal estate having their annual tea.—The Prince of Wales has sent messages of condolence to Mrs. Mark Firth on the death of her husband.—Swansea intends to ask the Prince to open the new East Docks in October next.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have had Prince Christian and his nieces, Princesses Augusta Victoria and Caroline of Schleswig-Holstein, staying with them at Eastwell Park this week. On Wednesday the Duchess and her guests paid a visit to Canterbury Cathedral.

The baby Prince of Cumberland has been christened at Gmünden. He received ten Christian names, and amongst his sponsors were the Prince of Wales, the Czarewitch, and the Kings of Denmark and Greece.



THE IMPRISONED CLERGYMEN.—The Rev. R. W. Farragut was arrested on Saturday at Birmingham, and conveyed to Warwick Gaol, where he is imprisoned as a first class misdemeanant. Mr. Dale is still in Holloway Gaol, but in his case a writ of *habeas corpus* has been granted by the Queen's Bench Division, as well as rules nisi for two other writs, one to prohibit Lord Penance from proceeding further against him, and the other for setting aside the writ under which he was arrested, on the ground that the whole proceedings have been illegal and void. The case will be fully argued on Monday next. The Bishop of St. David's, in a letter to a local branch of the Church Union, says that he is very sorry for Mr. Dale, as he should be sorry for an Indian Fakir, on account of the physical suffering which his perverted conscience induces him to undergo. The Bishop of London, responding to Mr. H. A. Browne, who had written to his lordship in the name of the recent meeting held in the City, says that he cannot admit it as coming from the parishioners of St. Vedast, or from those who have any right to call Mr. Dale their rector; and that it is a cause of regret that a clergyman who has dispersed his own flock, for whom he is responsible to God, should endeavour to supply their places by others towards whom he has no such personal obligation. The Bishop of Manchester, preaching last Sunday, condemned the action of the Church Union as likely to lead to anarchy and chaos; and said that the Public Worship Act did not alter any rite or ceremony of the Church, but merely provided a new mode of procedure, and a penalty to be imposed on contumacious clergymen. It was a mere illusion to think that if the Church were disestablished the clergy would be free to do just as they pleased.

RITUALISM AT WALWORTH.—A strange and disgraceful scene was enacted at St. Paul's, Lorrimer Square, Walworth, on Sunday last, when the Bishop of Rochester announced that he had appointed the Rev. E. Ferguson Alexander to the vicarage in the room of the late Rev. W. P. C. Adam; and in the course of his sermon said that whatever was illegal in the Ritual would have to be discontinued, remarking that his consecration vows compelled him to interfere to prevent continued violation of the law. This plain language was received by the congregation (or at least some portion of it) with hisses and groans, and after leaving the church his lordship was mobbed and hooted, and narrowly escaped personal violence, the windows of his carriage being broken and his coachman's hat knocked off. The parish clerk immediately wrote to the Bishop disclaiming on behalf of the congregation any share in the outrage; and on Monday the parishioners held a meeting, at which resolutions were passed expressing deep sorrow at the shameful treatment to which his lordship had been subjected; and another recording their deep regret at the exceeding haste with which a new vicar had been appointed without consulting the feelings and wishes of the parishioners.

CONVENTUAL INSTITUTIONS.—On the motion of Lord Robert Churchill, who recently called attention to the opening of a new convent at Fulham, the Middlesex magistrates have resolved to present a memorial to the Home Secretary calling attention to the existence of institutions in which persons are immured for life and prevented from holding free communication with the outer world, and intimating the opinion of the Court that they should be subject to inspection by some local authority. An amendment declaring that the matter was one with which the magistrates had nothing to do was rejected by 39 votes to 7.



HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Although Sig. Tito Mattei's new opera, *Maria di Gand*, has been criticised from more than one point of view, the expression of opinion generally cannot be regarded as favourable. The libretto of Sig. Cimino has met with scant approval from even the most indulgent pens; while from others less chary it has had to encounter, if not unqualified disapproval, something worse, in the shape of ill-disguised ridicule. Certainly the plot out of which it is evolved deserves no more lenient doom. To narrate it would be superfluous, that having been already done with unsparing industry by several of our contemporaries. Both incidents and characters, moreover, are borrowed from Victorien Sardou's well-known drama, *L'atrie*, and, it must be admitted, by no means improved by their passage from the dramatic to the lyric stage, the modifications resorted to by Sig. Cimino being (changes of names included) clearly modifications for the worse. Enough, that whatever may be the case with the French play, not one of the *dramatis personæ* in the Italian libretto, with the exception of the self-sacrificing Anna, is calculated to inspire the smallest sympathy. This is to be regretted, inasmuch as, though nowhere original, there is very considerable merit in the score of Sig. Mattei, whose music, while belonging to no particular school (or "style"), and reminding the reader continually of things heard many times before, from various sources, chiefly modern, is extremely well written, both for voices and instruments (at moments somewhat too obscuroly for the latter), and has a dash and spirit about it that tell their own story. In fact, if wanting in the qualities of balance and coherence indispensable to the successful conduct of a grand lyric drama, so far as mere details are concerned it everywhere shows the hand of a skilled practitioner. Sig. Mattei would, we think, have done better had he commenced his public career as an operatic composer with a less pretentious book to set. The character of the heroine, Maria di Gand (the Dolores of M. Sardou), is assigned, at Her Majesty's Theatre, to Mad. Giovanni Zacchi, who sustains it thoroughly well, both in a vocal and dramatic sense; that of her deceived husband, Giorgio di Gand (the Count Kysoor of the original), by Sig. Aldighieri, equally competent in his way. Riccardo Orley (Karlov van der Noot) finds an earnest representative in the versatile Sig. Rancio; and the subordinate parts—Anna (Maria's confidante), Andrea van Heysen (a half-drunken, half-idiotic messenger, whose *raison d'être* is difficult to explain), the Duke d'Alva (a very subordinate part as it stands, considering the historical importance of that bigoted and ruthless enemy of "heretics"), and Marco, the Spanish Captain of Sardou's play—are more or less efficiently supported by Mdlle. Barnadelli, Signors Bonetti, Pro, and Ordinas. The opera is in all respects effectively placed upon the stage; and the band and chorus (under the direction of Sig. Mattei, who does wisely to conduct his own work, seeing that the *bâton* comes easily to his hands), may be commended for zeal and general efficiency. *Maria di Gand* has been already thrice repeated, each time with flattering applause. A fortnight more will bring the season of "cheap performances" to an end.

HENRI REBER.—The death of Henri Napoléon Reber has deprived France of a composer whose works have by no means received the consideration which is their due, either in his own country or elsewhere. He had, for many years, led a comparatively secluded life, occupying himself assiduously, nevertheless, in composition. Besides comic operas, the most successful of which were *La Nuit de Noël* and *Le Père Gaillard*, he wrote four orchestral symphonies, and seven trios for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, besides many popular songs and a much-esteemed "Treatise on Harmony." Born at Mulhouse, in 1807, Reber was in his seventy-fourth year when he died. In deference to his own expressed wish no oration was pronounced over his grave; but the funeral was attended by a large number of brother musicians.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The removal of this time-honoured society from the Hall in the Strand to the Hall in Regent Street affords matter for grave reflection to those who interest themselves about the history of musical progress in this country. For some half century the body of amateurs who ruled and zealously promoted the objects for which the Sacred Harmonic Society was avowedly instituted have done excellent service. There are people, indeed, who think that, their task accomplished, they might now quit the public arena with honour, and give way to the exposition of more "advanced" thought. What "advanced," in this particular instance, may signify, it is hard to understand; but protesting against conservatism in Art argues a wish to deprive Art of its firmest stronghold. It is, therefore, a consolation to know that our old and esteemed Society has found a temporary refuge pending what, sooner or later, may be the destiny of its former long-established home. At any rate a new series of concerts on the accustomed pattern was to be inaugurated last night in St. James's Hall, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, who, ever since 1848, has conducted the performances—with what results amateurs need scarcely be reminded. The programme, a highly attractive one, included Beethoven's Mass in C (No. 1), Mendelssohn's setting of the "Lauda Sion," and the fragments from the same composer's unfinished oratorio, *Christus*.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—The concert on Saturday afternoon was chiefly remarkable for an excellent performance of the first of the three quartets dedicated by Beethoven to Rasoumowski—seventh of the immortal seventeen which make up the sum total of the great composer's efforts in this direction. The players were MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti. Mdlle. Janotha, the pianist, selected, from Domenico Scarlatti's "Harpsichord Lessons," three pieces which have been heard so often that, for once in a way, it might not be amiss to introduce some less familiar examples of the genius of a composer about whom the famous Roman amateur, Abbé Santini—who had in his possession some 350 "sonatas" for harpsichord or organ—avowed that he had not been able to obtain even the half of Scarlatti's instrumental compositions. Does Mdlle. Janotha know the fugues in D minor and F minor (of course she knows the G minor—"Cat's Fugue"—as well as M. Rubinstein himself)? If not let her make acquaintance with them as soon as possible. Herr Straus gave, for solo, the much-too-hacknied Romance in G of Beethoven; and Signor Piatti was associated with Mdlle. Janotha in Rubinstein's D major Sonata, for pianoforte and violoncello, heard for the seventh time at the Popular Concerts—which means, its intrinsic value considered, six times too many. The singer was Miss Thorndike, a very promising young artist. On Monday the superb Octet of Schubert, for stringed and wind instruments (shorn, as usual, of two movements), very finely played, was the principal

attraction. Mdlle. Janotha gave the eternal F sharp minor *Barcarolle* of Chopin—executed in perfection, but monotonous nevertheless; Herr Straus repeated Molique's lively *Saltarella* in A minor; Miss Marian McKenzie was the singer; and the concert ended pleasantly with a trio in C major, by "Papa" Haydn—a "Papa" who read excellent lessons, which his children would do well to study more attentively than is nowadays the custom. Mr. Zerbini, as usual, was the accompanist.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—Nothing new was produced on Wednesday evening, but two of the novelties of the previous week were repeated with increased applause. A very enthusiastic reception was given to Mr. Santley in "The Vicar's Song," from Sullivan's *Sorcerer*; Mr. Maybrick delighted the audience with Behrend's "My Old Comrade" and Adams' "Silver Cup," Miss Mary Davies sang very sweetly two ballads respectively by Rubinstein and Sterndale Bennett; Madame Antoinette Sterling was as usual encored in Molloy's "Wooden Shoon," and the South London Choral Association caused much merriment with Caldecott's "Jack and Jill."



BULBS.—Permanent plantations of bulbs are increasing in favour, the labour of lifting and replanting being asserted by many gardeners to be simply labour lost. Even under pot culture many bulbous flowers have done better when pot-bound and apparently in need of re-potting, than when carefully re-potted every year. Among bulbs that may well be made into garden permanencies are aconites. They should be planted thick and all together on a slope, and they bloom so early in the year that they are especially useful to the gardener. Jonquils, daffodils, snowdrops, squills, crocuses, and lilies of the valley all do well as permanent plantations, as will hyacinths and tulips, if only they are so placed as to obtain whatever sunshine may enliven the early spring.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS may be used as bouquet flowers, if only a little care is taken in arrangement. From their comparatively large size these flowers should be in a good many separate vases, three or four in each. We think, on the whole, that it is best to have those in one vase all of one colour. The Japanese varieties are some of them very striking and handsome. White flowers always do well, while the peculiarly rich tints of the Abd-el-Kader, Falgore, Mons. Crousse, Red Dragon, and Purple King reflect artificial light to great advantage.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—On the 19th November a rough-legged buzzard was shot near Tuxford, in Nottinghamshire.—On the 20th November a great grey shrike was taken at Laxten, and another on the 23rd, near Tenbury.—A hen harrier was recently shot near Gainsborough.—A goshawk was taken at Guildford on the 15th November.—A pure white jay was knocked down in a wood near Mansfield on the 17th November.—A very fine owl of a rare species (*Noctua teugmalini*) was shot some short time back at Saltfleetby Haven in Lincolnshire.

SALE OF HORSES.—At the recent sale of Mr. Rice's stud forty-two horses averaged 72 guineas, the best prices realised being Baron, 160 guineas; Regal, 140 guineas; Norfolk, 105 guineas; Sultan, 100 guineas; Sportsman, 150 guineas; Blue Bells, 115 guineas; Her Ladyship, 100 guineas; and Ruby, 115 guineas. Considering the high reputation and careful selection of the stud these prices were decidedly low.

MALT FOR FEEDING CATTLE.—A Norfolk farmer tells us he recently sent thirty coombs of barley screenings to a maltster and got back thirty-five sacks of good feeding malt, the charge for malting being 3/- on the whole quantity sent. He considers the increased bulk pays for the malting, so that he gets a sack of malt for a sack of barley. His opinion is that when malted, poor barley is a first-rate sheep food, and that an increased use would also benefit farmers by lowering the price of pollard and cake.

WELSH SALMON POACHERS.—The poaching league commonly known as the "Rebeccaite" have commenced their usual autumnal depredations on the rivers Elan and Wye. The water bailiffs were "out," but managed to find the poaching expedition "off their beat." This yearly breaking of the law is a scandal to the whole country, and a special police force ought to be drafted to the spot. The time at which the depredation will take place is usually well-known, and the poachers of the district form a regular fraternity.

HERD NOTES.—The shorthorn cow "Gairful" belonging to Mr. Hutchinson, Manor House, Catterick, has dropped a red heifer calf, by Master of Arts, bred at Warlaby. Gairful was the champion at Kilburn, and was first at Carlisle this year.—The Earl of Southesk, K.T., has just bought from Sir George M. Grant the polled cows Echo, 2,976, in calf to Young Viscount, 736, and Lady Fatima, 3,798, in calf to Justice, 1462.—Some good English stock has recently been purchased for breeding in South America.—During the past three months two animals of great reputation have died, namely the Duke of Hillhurst and the Marquis of Exeter's Seagull.—The increase of glanders in metropolitan stalls is greatly to be deplored, and, as this disease is infectious and as fatal to man as to horses, we hope the police are on the look out.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.—Writing on this subject, Lord Clifton says: "It is a primary fact to be noticed that our easterly and north-easterly winds bring us myriads of birds in autumn." To this Mr. Fenwick Hele replies that in some cases this would be true, only if we substitute westerly and north-westerly winds. Mr. Hele adds, on his own account, that birds in migrating fly against, not before, the wind—slightly lifting on one side. Mr. Hele says, "I cannot understand how it is possible there can be any error in this matter." Mr. Hele may, of course, be right; but we believe the great majority of persons have always supposed migratory birds to come with, and not against, the wind.

COUNTY DIGNITIES.—The title of High Sheriff is a very honourable one, but it should not be made a heavy pecuniary burden. To be named High Sheriff means an expenditure out of pocket of never less than 500/-, and frequently as much as 1,000/-. Many landowners find the money difficult to raise, and it certainly seems true that a sum of say 1,000/- a year should attach to the dignity. No one expects the Lord Mayor of London to "make anything" out of his allowance from the Corporation, yet no one either would expect him to rule the City entirely at his own expense. Why, then, do we make the county shrievalty a veritable white elephant to country gentlemen?

FLOODS IN THE MIDLAND.—On Saturday last an influential gathering took place at Leicester to consider what action Parliament ought to take for the prevention of floods. The High Sheriff of the county presided, and was supported by Lord Lonsborough, General Burnaby, M.P., Mr. C. Magniac, M.P., Mr. T. T. Paget, M.P., Sir F. T. Fowke, Bart., Sir A. E. Hazlerigg, Bart., Sir Henry Holford, Bart., Sir A. Palmer, Bart., Mr. W. W. Tailby, and Sir Bache Cunard. Sir Henry Holford, Mr. W. W. Tailby, and Sir Bache Cunard spoke, and the meeting unanimously resolved:—"That the constantly increasing damage by floods to low-lying lands demands the serious consideration of the Government, and that legislation which should enable the proprietors of the land so

affected throughout the kingdom effectually to combine to remove obstructions, and otherwise to improve the channels and waterways, is urgently needed."

THE GROUND GAME ACT OF 1880 has been rendered abundantly clear and intelligible in its working by Mr. Corrie Grant, of the Middle Temple, who has issued (*Land Agents' Record Office*) a shilling handbook for the use of farmers and others affected by the Act. The Act itself is set forth, then follow notes upon each section, and, lastly, a large number of forms are provided for use under every conceivable condition.



THE NEW LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—Lord Coleridge, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, has been appointed Lord Chief Justice of England, in succession to the late Sir Alexander Cockburn. On Tuesday he sat for the last time in the Common Pleas Division, and on Wednesday presided in the Queen's Bench Division in his new capacity, after taking the oaths customary on such occasions.

THE COUNCIL OF JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT sat on Saturday and again on Monday, under the presidency of the Lord Chancellor, for the purpose of considering the vacancies on the Bench, and the expediency of making certain changes in the titles and arrangements of the Courts. The proceedings were strictly private, but it is stated that the Lord Chancellor's proposals were adopted by an overwhelming majority.

MR. CALLAN'S TRIAL for an alleged libel on Mr. A. M. Sullivan, suggesting that he, being a Home Rule candidate, had accepted pecuniary assistance from the Conservative party, was commenced at the Central Criminal Court on Monday, his plea being not guilty, and a justification. At the close of the first day's proceedings, Mr. Justice Hawkins had a private interview with the counsel on both sides; but the trial proceeded, and on Tuesday a verdict of "Guilty" was found. Sentence was, however, postponed, permission being given for the filing of certain affidavits, which the prosecuting counsel thinks may affect his lordship's decision.

HUSBANDS' LIABILITIES.—Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, assisted by funds subscribed to by a number of other tradesmen, have made a test case of their action against Mr. Mellon of Bradford for the recovery of a debt incurred by his wife, who, as the evidence showed, had a fixed allowance, and had been forbidden by him to pledge his credit. Mr. Justice Bowen's judgment in favour of the defendant had been affirmed by the Court of Appeal; and the House of Lords, beyond which there is no appeal, has now endorsed that decision. The point which is thus finally settled is one which has a much wider application than to West End tradesmen and their fashionable lady customers, and the National Thrift Society, or some kindred institution, would do well to make it thoroughly understood by the thousands of working men who have so long been victimised by tallymen.

STEAM LAUNCHES ON THE THAMES.—The trial of Mr. Desvignes for manslaughter has resulted in an acquittal, as most people must have expected that it would do; but the inquiry will doubtless have helped to attract public attention to an increasing evil, and some means of regulating the navigation of the upper reaches of the river will in all probability be soon adopted.

A DASTARDLY ATTEMPT TO WRECK A TRAIN by placing a "sleeper" across the rails was made last week on the South-Eastern Railway, near Padlock Wood Station, at a spot where a similar attempt had been made a fortnight previously. Happily no mischief was done, although an up express from Dover was considerably delayed. A man named Taylor, who lives near the line, and who was formerly a platelayer in the company's service, is in custody on suspicion; his boots corresponding to the footprints around the place. He was arrested on Friday, but suddenly slipped away from the constable, and was only recaptured after a chase of six miles.

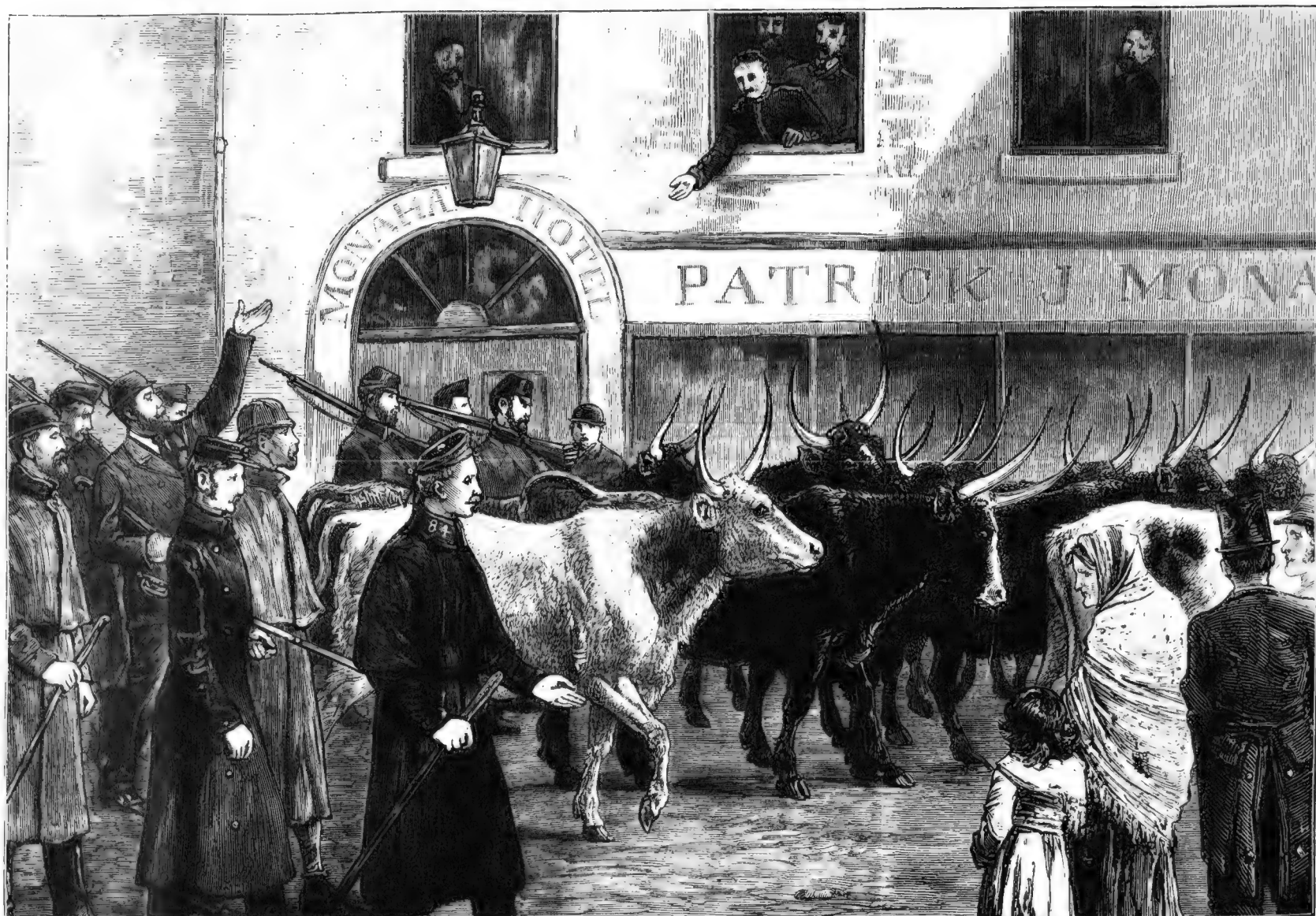
A FATAL POACHING AFFRAY occurred on Monday near Gaston, Northumberland, where a policeman, who had been engaged to assist a gamekeeper, was killed by two men named Tait and Blyth, who knocked him down, and battered his skull with large stones. They have since been apprehended.

BRITISH VANDALISM.—One of the most deplorable and perhaps unaccountable characteristics of British roughs and cads is the vicious spirit of wanton destructiveness by which they are animated, and which prompts them to take advantage of every opportunity to damage and deface public and private property, especially anything which has the slightest pretension to beauty or art. The Temple Bar Memorial, erected only a few weeks ago, has ever since its completion been guarded by a number of policemen, yet the beautiful tablets which adorn its base have already been subjected to we know not how many iconoclastic attacks, for although only the plaster casts have as yet been placed in position, we can hardly imagine that all the breakages therein have been the result of mere accident. At the Bow Street Police Court the other day it was authoritatively stated that no fewer than 2,769 of the ornamental railings enclosing the Garden on the Victoria Embankment had been broken since it was opened to the public some six or seven years ago, and at Woolwich on Wednesday a similar story was told concerning the railings around an ornamental plantation at the entrance to the Royal Arsenal, where about fifty fractures have been effected within the last two weeks. It is the same wherever we go, and which ever way we turn. There is scarcely a monument, memorial, or statue in all London which, unless protected by its elevation or by the hardness of the material of which it is constructed, does not bear traces of wilful damage, which must have been inflicted in pure maliciousness. Public and private buildings suffer in the same way to a greater or less extent, and in our public parks and open spaces the trees, shrubs, and flowers frequently fall victims to the same ruthless spirit of destruction. How is this great evil to be checked? By what means can we inoculate these people with some little respect and reverence for art; and consideration for the feelings of those to whom a thing of beauty is a joy for ever? Education may, perhaps, in time do something, but education in the common acceptance of the term is clearly not all that is required, or we should not so often have to blush with shame at the reports of similar misdoings in Continental cities, perpetrated, not by people belonging to the lower classes, but by well-to-do tourists, who are gentlemen in every sense of the word but the true one. These mental pachyderms are alike impervious to argument, persuasion, expostulation, and ridicule, and we fear that the only effectual mode of dealing with them would be to increase the severity of the punishment of those who happen to be caught in *flagrante delicto*, and thus strike terror into the hearts of their cowardly and senseless companions in crime. It would be well, too, if all respectable members of society could for the nonce set aside their national repugnance to act as spies and informers, and communicate with the police upon any and every occasion when they may happen to witness any such outrage effected or attempted, no matter to what grade of society the offender may belong.



1. Going to the Play.—2. On Board and on the Boards.

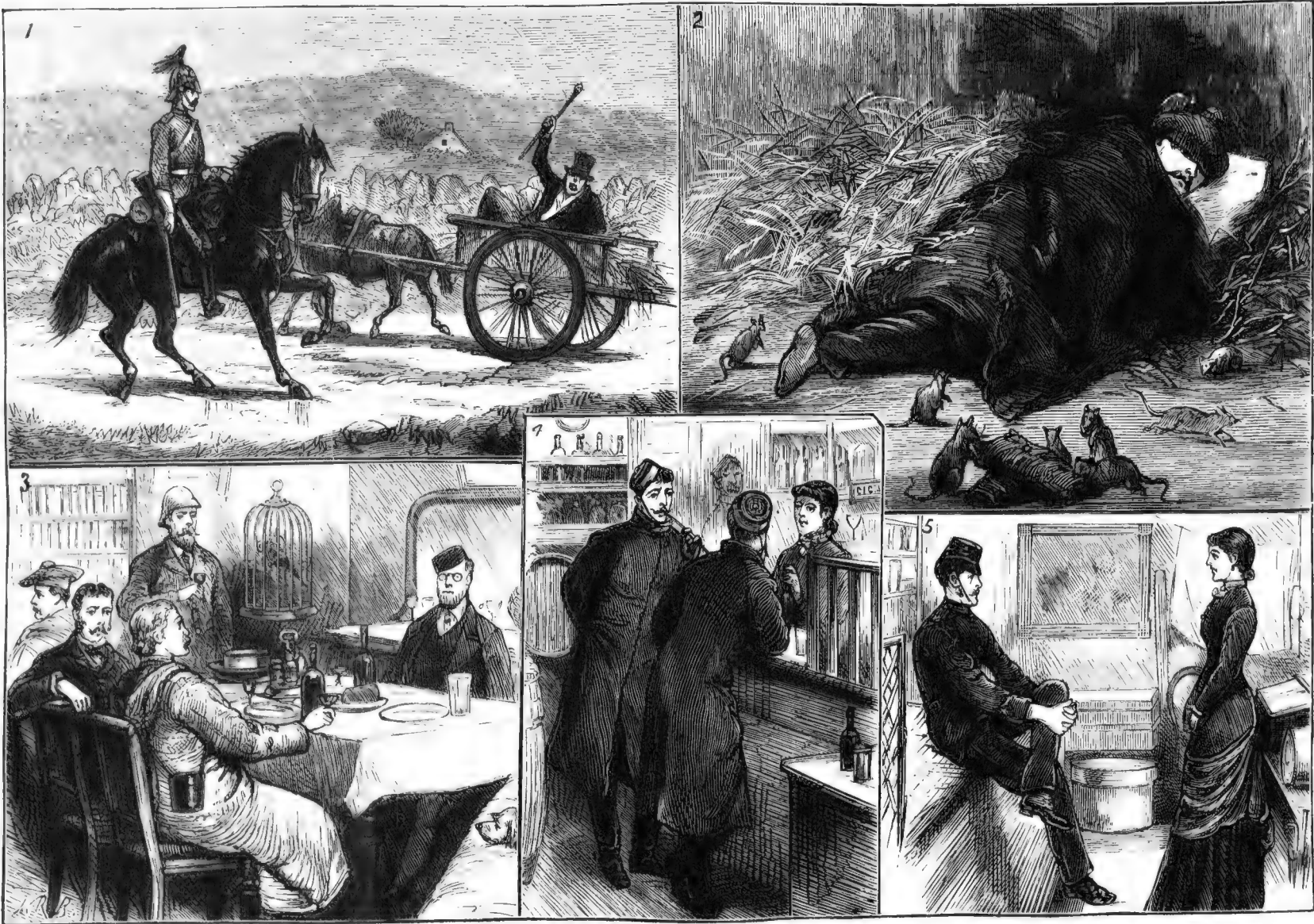
THE ROYAL NAVAL ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS—THEATRICALS ON BOARD H.M.S. "RAINBOW"



THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND—DRIVING CAPTAIN BOYCOTT'S CATTLE FROM LOUGH MASK TO CLAREMORRIS



THE ORANGE LABOURERS' FAREWELL



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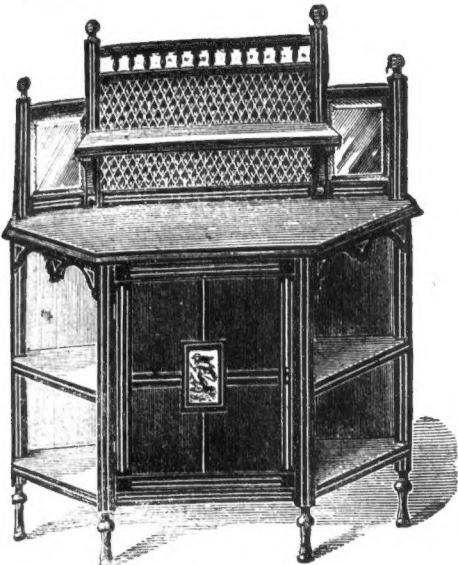
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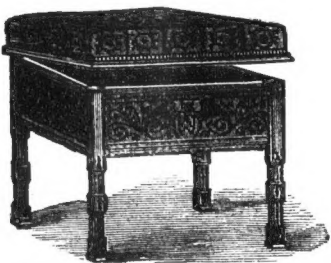
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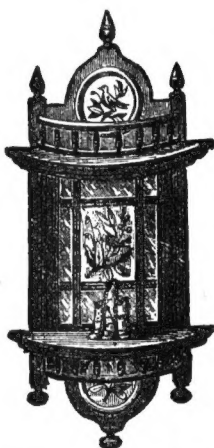
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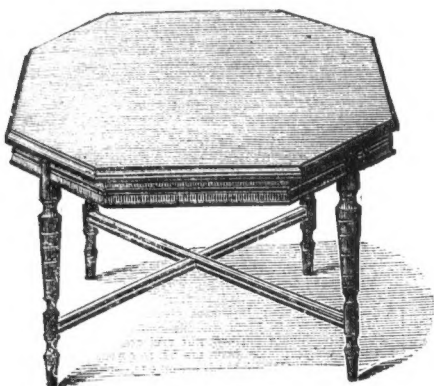
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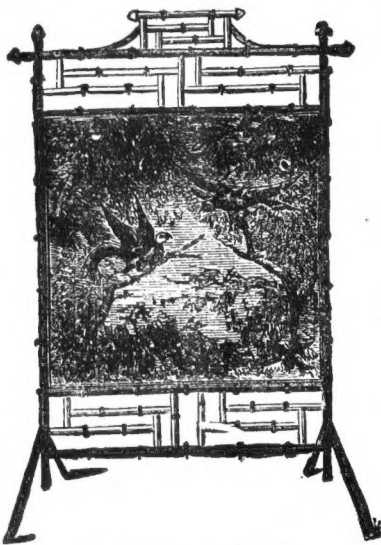
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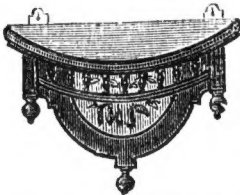


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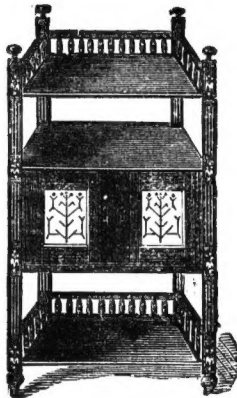


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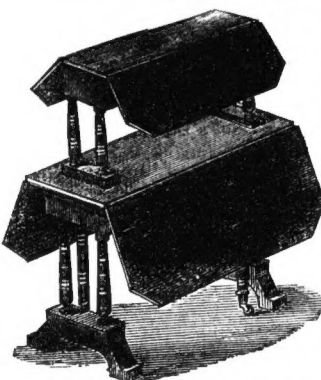
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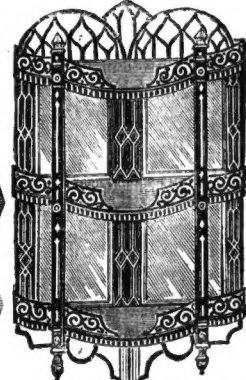
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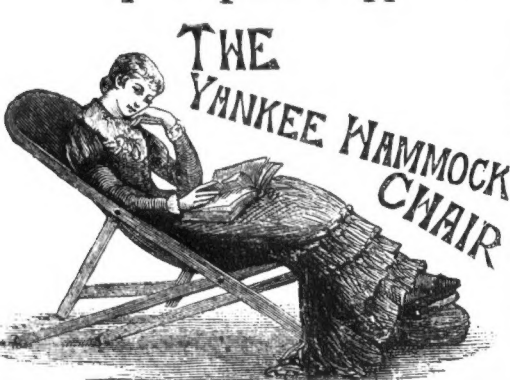
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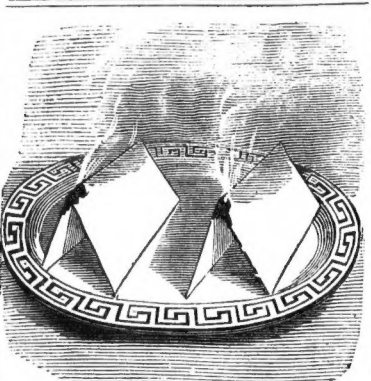
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CONTENTS. Fina's Aunt. Some Passages from Miss Williamson's Diary. (With Illustration) Chapters I.—VII. Remains Among Books. No. 1.—Country Books. Mrs. Van Steen. Lyme Regis: a Splinter of Petrified History. Buddhists and Buddhism in Burma: By Shway Woe. My Faithful Johnny. (With an Illustration.) Chaps. V.—VIII.

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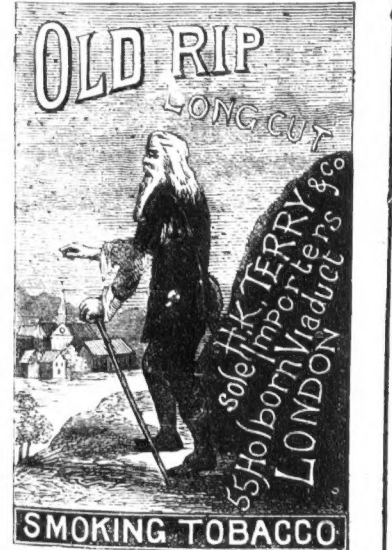
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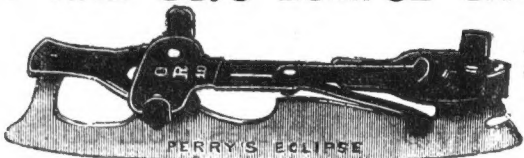
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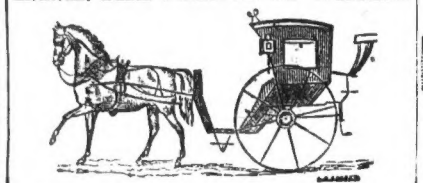


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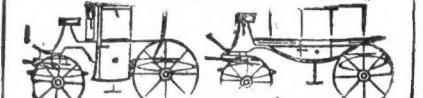


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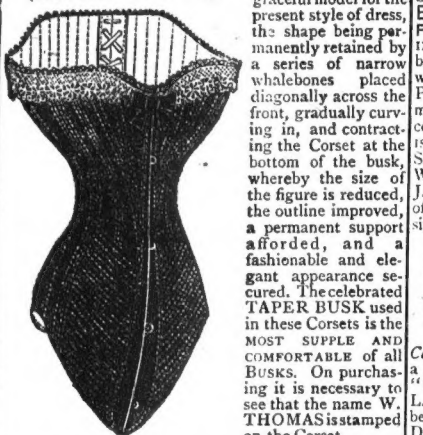
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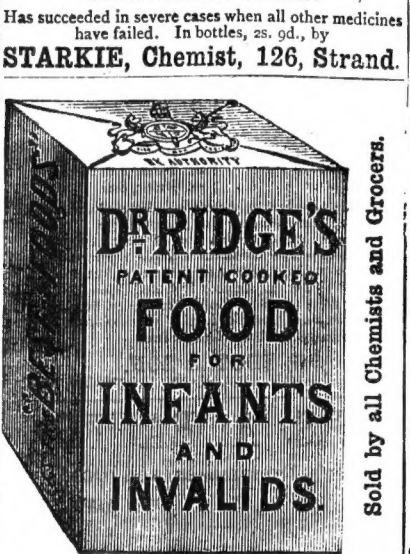
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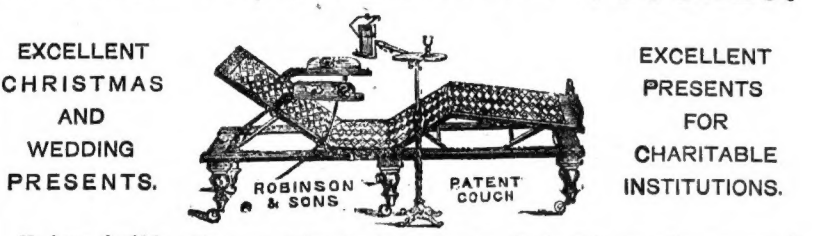
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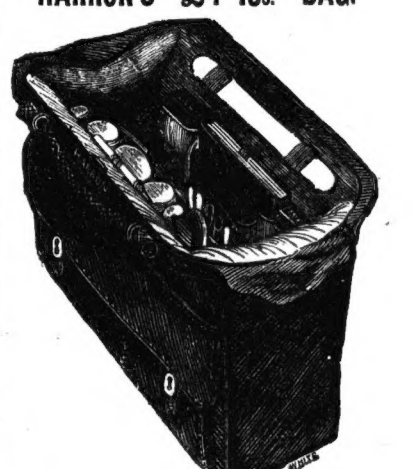
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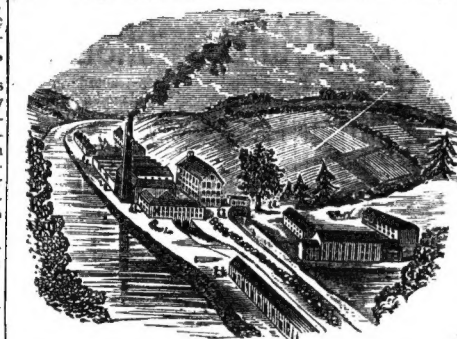


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